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THE NATION

DECEMBER 12, 1966 35 cents

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# LETTERS

## what Truman thought

*New York City*

DEAR SIRS: I don't know where Daniel Cohen ["The Russians Faked It," *The Nation,* Oct. 31] got his knowledge of what President Truman believed in the privacy of his heart; but he certainly is mistaken on facts which anyone can check by looking into the newspaper file. It simply is not true that "the Russians announced they had tested the bomb; U.S. Government scientists confirmed the Soviet test and Truman himself announced it." It is easy to ascertain that American scientists first discovered proof of the Soviet test, and thereupon Truman announced it, rather than letting the Russians spring a surprise announcement on the world at their own convenience. Moreover, if American scientists had intelligence of the Russian test, the reason was that they had been looking for it, and they could not have done that—at considerable expense to the U.S. taxpayer—unless they had first convinced the President and the director of the CIA that such search was necessary, or in other words, unless the President judged the Russians capable of developing atomic weapons. It is one thing to accuse popular magazines of ignoring the evidence, but to drag the President into this is quite unfair.

*Henry M. Pachter*

*New York City*

DEAR SIRS: President Truman's doubts about the Russian ability to produce the bomb were not exactly held in the "privacy of his heart." They have often been cited by scientists as a classic example of how misunderstood science is by people in positions of power. Of course U.S. scientists knew the Russians were ready to test the bomb, but it simply does not follow as Dr. Pachter seems to think that the President therefore "judged the Russians capable of developing atomic weapons." It is not the first time that a President ignored good advice, nor will it be the last.

*Daniel Cohen*

## good question

*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

DEAR SIRS: Somehow everyone has overlooked a very important local vote that took place in Dearborn, Mich., during the last election. I refer to a question on the ballot in that city asking the voter if he favored an "immediate withdrawal" of American troops from Vietnam.

The results were 14,133 in favor of "immediate withdrawal" to 20,631 against. *The New York Times,* in the one sentence it gave to this vote, said the citizens showed they were "overwhelmingly . . . against a pullout of troops."

Perhaps "overwhelmingly" is the right word, but . . . over 40 per cent of those voting on the question favored what might be called the most "extreme" dove position: immediate withdrawal. One wonders what the result might have been had the question been phrased in terms of de-escalation.

*Stephen Gillers*

## bedfellows

*Joplin, Mo.*

DEAR SIRS: With reference to your "A Look Ahead" editorial [*The Nation,* Nov. 28]: What is going to happen, Romney and Nixon will be running against Johnson and Kennedy. This is so because Romney needs Nixon and Johnson needs Kennedy. There is no need to think about Humphrey.

*W. A. Seiler*

# EDITORIALS

## Running Hard To Stand Still

American diplomacy was at peak activity in support of the *status quo* these past weeks on the East River. It scored a triumph in again barring Peking from the United Nations, and this time it bolted the door securely. And on the day after Thanksgiving the American vote was decisive in casting a blame on Israel for its large-scale raid on the Hebron sector of Jordan, thus perhaps saving the pro-Western regime of King Hussein from Arab extremists.

It must have pained Ambassador Goldberg to announce the decision to support a Security Council resolution censuring Israel, without reference to extenuating circumstances. He has been most careful to demonstrate a lack of bias in the Arab-Israeli conflict. However, like other Washington officials, and, indeed, the majority of the Council's members, he was well aware of the double standard applied in the Council to Israeli and Arab complaints. In the same month, the Soviet veto had again blocked a mild condemnation of Syria for acts of terrorism and sabotage in Israel, openly promoted by the Syrian Government. This state of affairs in the Security Council is partly responsible for repeated acts of retaliation by Israel.

But the chain of violence must stop somewhere if a new eruption is to be avoided in the Middle East. The heavy damage inflicted by Israeli armed forces on Jordanian villages was particularly unfortunate in view of the relative aloofness of the Jordan Government from the renewed Arab belligerency against Israel. Mr. Goldberg tried to insert a more balanced account of Arab-Israeli relations into the resolution submitted to the Security Council, but Jordan was adamant. The regime of King Hussein was under attack from the Palestinian Arabs of Ahmed Shukhairi, who, by the strange but not uncommon alliance of extreme nationalism with communism, could lead Jordan away from the shrinking pro-Western camp in the Middle East into the ranks of the militant Left, recently swelled by Syria. The United States decided not to take this risk.

On the Chinese representation issue, those officials in Washington who oppose any change had nothing to fear from the present session of the General Assembly. Clearly, Peking had not gained votes since last year. Its "cultural revolution," its estrangement from Moscow and most Communist parties in the world, and its intransigent attitude toward any negotiated peace in Vietnam had taken care of that. But Washington again made sure. It was helped first of all by the leaders of the Chinese People's Republic who arrogantly reiterated their scorn for the world organization. It was helped also by the unwillingness of many new countries, especially African, to play Don Quixote for a cause in which they are not really interested, against the wishes of powerful and wealthy America. It was helped finally by the ineptitude of an Italian proposal for a study committee. The authors of this dismally unsuccessful suggestion claimed that their purpose was to move the question of Chinese representation off dead center, but they made certain at the same time—with Ambassador Goldberg giving it the kiss of death—that the committee could not



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communicate with Peking and would report back next year without any new recommendations.

Encouraged by some elements in the State Department, Canada had intended to confront the Assembly with a so-called "two-China" proposal. However, Washington withdrew support after it became apparent that such a procedure was unnecessary to keep Peking out and Formosa in, and that it would be better to hold this idea in reserve as a demonstration of U.S. flexibility at the appropriate time.

The "two-China" concept is academic for the moment, since both Peking and Taipeh oppose it categorically. Its public acceptance by the United States would, however, introduce an important juridical change, whereby Washington would officially renounce the myth that the Nationalist government of Formosa is entitled to represent mainland China. Washington is obviously not yet ready to take such a step, and it may not come about unless and until the conclusion of the Vietnamese conflict brings with it a giant Asiatic negotiation. Meanwhile, the renewed boycott of China has confirmed the incapacity of the UN to deal with Asian problems and further diluted its effectiveness as a force for peace.

Secretary-General U Thant has repeatedly deplored this state of affairs. He has tried to compensate for it by offering a de-escalation plan for Vietnam and convincingly linked his intended resignation to the refusal of the United States to abide by point one: unilateral cessation of the bombings of the North. The fact that U Thant is now willing to stay without any foreseeable change in Washington on this score is another victory for the United States.

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

## Pay Now

President Johnson has been throwing up smoke screens designed to shield the public from shock at the true fiscal situation, while portraying himself as a paragon of economy and, at the same time, the protector of the needy and downtrodden. The reporters came away from his press conference of November 29 in a state approaching utter confusion. In his opening statement Mr. Johnson announced that federal programs budgeted at $5.3 billion were being canceled or deferred, with $3 billion of the total involving "savings" in the current fiscal year. Mr. Johnson virtuously refuses to spend money authorized by Congress in excess of Presidential recommendations; these overages, of course, are almost always pure politics and publicity, intended to display the legislator's zeal in some area deemed to be close to the hearts of the home folks. While Mr. Johnson provided a run-down of the figures by agencies, no details were available, either from him or from the Budget Bureau in Washington, to which some of the newsmen appealed for clarification. They were assured by the President that the reductions would not shortchange "the young, or the needy, the ill or the old." That shortchanging, some of the reporters suspected, will come in the next fiscal year.

One certainty stood out amid the soothing assurances. The estimate of $112.8 billion total spending which was made last January became irrelevant not long after its issuance. Current estimates range from $125 billion up—due, of course to a rise in "defense" expenditures, the de-



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fense being that of the people of South Vietnam against the Vietcong and their supporters from the north. Since it costs roughly $100,000 to kill one of those miscreants, the budget must be expansible.

If the President is reluctant to give the American people the bad news, the American people are equally reluctant to receive it. The latest Gallup poll shows that 73 per cent oppose a tax increase to help pay for the war in Vietnam, with 8 per cent expressing no opinion. This raises a fascinating problem of fiscal and moral responsibility in a democracy. While few citizens are joyful about this war, only a minority openly oppose it. It is fair to assume, therefore, that a majority of the 81 per cent who are not in favor of a tax increase are in favor of the war, or at least go along with assurances that if we don't fight in Southeast Asia now we shall find ourselves fighting in Los Angeles and San Francisco by and by. But then shouldn't there be a tax increase to defray the cost of operations so vital to the survival of the free world? What kind of citizen is he who finds the war virtuous, or at any rate necessary, but would like someone else to foot the bill? What kind of father is it who prefers to pass the burden on to his children? Or, if this is a roundabout way of protesting against the war, it is surely as cowardly and ineffectual a one as can well be imagined.

*The Nation* regards the war as a disgrace to our ideals. But as long as it is being fought, let the Administration be candid about the monetary cost and let us pay for it with increased taxes. There is quite enough indecency in the war, without adding to it with financial legerdemain.

## Rancherias and Ranchettes

Back in the 1940s, newspaper columnists were forever reminding us that Harry S. Truman was a former haberdasher, but history does not record that the man from Missouri sold any gents' apparel from his Pennsylvania Avenue address. It is odd, then, that so few references are made currently to Lyndon Johnson's activities as a real estate operator—particularly in view of the fact that he has not allowed the distractions of high office to interfere with his land-development projects. Richard Dudman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* has recently been digging into deed transfers in and around Johnson City, Tex.

In 1961, Mr. Johnson and A.W. Moursund, his longtime business friend and now trustee for his interests, bought from Texas Christian University 4,500 acres of land fronting on Lake Lyndon B. Johnson (formerly Granite Shoals Lake). They paid $200,000 for the parcel but put up no cash, giving instead a 5 per cent note due June 8, 1971. In 1965, Mr. Moursund organized the Comanche Cattle Corp., which does not seem to be primarily in the business of raising beef. Instead, it bought from Messrs. Johnson and Moursund 61 acres of the lake-front property for $250,000 and another 184 acres for $78,661 (both sums payable on June 8, 1971). Thus the fortunate new owners of the university property will be $128,661 ahead of the game on the day when their note comes due, and will still own all but 245 acres of the 4,500-acre tract. The two parcels they sold are known respectively as Comanche Rancherias and Comanche Ranchettes. They are high-class subdivisions; Arthur J. Goldberg has bought a ranchette, presumably as a holiday retreat from the UN, and so has Arthur Krim, national chairman of the President's Clubs. Buyers of lots are reminded that President Johnson goes boating on the lake and are assured that their investments will appreciate by at least 20 per cent as soon as the Texas State Highway Commission completes its bridge across the lake.

Like every President, Mr. Johnson is forever telling us that America is the Land of Opportunity; it may be, though, that no President before him has so graphically demonstrated what he means.

## HUAC Eyes the Campus

Although civic organizations tend to tire with age, the American Civil Liberties Union has rather been gaining vigor in recent years. It is particularly to be commended for its forthright statement urging college and university presidents to resist subpoenas by the House Committee on Un-American Activities for membership lists of campus organizations critical of U.S. policy in Vietnam. For HUAC, success in this area spells a new lease on life. For the institutions of learning, it foreshadows a degrading subservience which calls into question their whole reason for being.

The ACLU statement arose from the circumstance that subpoenas were issued during the summer at two universities, Michigan and California. Although faculty and student opposition developed at both institutions, the administrations complied. Michigan's president, Harlan H. Hatcher, voiced the conventional administrative view that "the university must abide by the law. . . . Like HUAC or not, it is a duly constituted arm of Congress." But the powers of a duly constituted Congressional committee are not limitless. Mr. Hatcher was not abiding by the law, he was acquiescing in a demand which he, or his legal advisers, thought *might* be legal. Conformity was expedient—at least in the short run—so they conformed.

The ACLU letter advocates resistance, and some of the 1,000 college and university presidents who received it will resist. The following actions are recommended:

¶ "Resist, in every possible legal manner, subpoenas seeking membership lists."

¶ ". . . organize student-faculty committees to set specific standards of confidentiality. . . ."

¶ "Issue a public statement expressing concern over threats to academic freedom."

¶ "Safeguard . . . the tradition of free inquiry and debate and resist all attempts to curb dissent."

Speedy action is imperative, because the longer the Vietnamese War continues, the greater will be the pressures for conformity. Nor is the issue confined to the colleges. The ACLU points out the parallel between the current drive and the efforts of state authorities in the South to obtain membership lists of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The Supreme Court struck down these probes on the ground of interference with freedom of association. The same reasoning would seem to apply in the case of campus organizations, but timing and concerted action are important. Every institution that yields makes it more difficult for other institutions to resist. Once



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piecemeal concessions are made, the basis of resistance is weakened.

Nor should the fact that some campus organizations are inclined to laugh at HUAC's efforts at intimidation ease the minds of college administrators. At Texas, an SDS group elected an intelligence agent "honorary chairman" because he came to all meetings and was so attentive that he never missed a word. But the basic situation is far from funny.

What the college administrations must realize is that it is the colleges that are under attack; individuals are only the means toward that end. When performers and writers were singled out by the black-list compilers in radio and TV, individual identity could hardly have been less important. The objective was not to deprive this or that person of a job but to intimidate the networks. The whole McCarthy era operated with this technique, and its possibilities have not been exhausted.

The issues to which the ACLU has directed attention cannot be painlessly evaded. Some administrations have been casting an eye at membership lists and tossing them into the wastebasket, or asking for only minimal information, with the idea of satisfying HUAC without injuring anyone on the campus. "It's hard to subpoena a wastebasket," is the motto. American freedoms were not established in wastebaskets, nor will they be maintained there. If the latest HUAC assault is to be repelled, it will be by those who take freedom of speech and association seriously, and are willing to fight for it.

## A Chair for Hoover

The Bobby Baker hearings, by emphasizing the eavesdropping talents of J. Edgar Hoover, have tended to tarnish further his brazen image. Persons who idolize the FBI chief will be grateful, therefore, for information released by Group Research, Inc., of Washington concerning a foundation bearing Hoover's name. Set up to "promote good citizenship and combat communism," the foundation was initially financed by 1,000 shares of Schenley Industries, the gift of Schenley's president, Lewis S. Rosenstiel.

The foundation's incorporation papers reveal plans to expand the J. Edgar Hoover Library on Communism at Freedoms Foundation, Valley Forge, "with the ultimate hope of converting it into the J. Edgar Hoover Center on Strategy and Tactics of Communism."

One of the directors and officers is Louis B. Nichols of New York, a vice president of Schenley Industries and an FBI man from 1934 to 1957, whose oldest son is named John Edgar. A couple of other former FBI men will assist in the foundation's affairs, as will C.D. "Deke" De Loach, assistant FBI director and apparently a strong contender to inherit Hoover's crown.

The three-cornered cooperation of top FBI officials, Freedoms Foundation, and the Schenley interests to set up a still larger tax-exempt conduit for propaganda is chilling—especially when the planners announce that a second major ambition is to create a "J. Edgar Hoover professorial chair at a leading university."

But the chill does not last long. What "leading university" would want to add Wiretapping 302 and Bugging 401 to its curriculum? What leading university could afford the rib-nudgings and winks that would come with a chair endowed in the name of a law officer who has *admitted* ordering acts that violate the constitutional rights of a suspect? Still, even if he never has his name on a professorial chair, J. Edgar Hoover *is* teaching the nation a lesson.

## Yo Ho Ho!

That most state governments like to be raped by private enterprise is shown by the endless list of tax dodges, depletion allowances and zoning exemptions they sanction. But no state enjoys the ravishment of its natural and unnatural resources more than the great state of Florida, whose government in recent years has been marked by what Miami Mayor Robert King High once described as "pigsty morality." For the benefit of a clique of large farmers, the state has built a water-entrapment system that in one section alternatingly drowns and starves its wild animals by the thousands. For the benefit of the barge industry and a few big contractors, Florida is building a cross-state canal (with federal money) that will destroy one of the finest remaining wild rivers in the nation, the Oklawaha.

A depressing item in Florida's give-away program is the disposition of its sunken treasure. Residents of New York City may drop by the Parke-Bernet Galleries between December 20 and January 15, and see a sample exhibition of this great rape: gold chains, silver medallions, rare coins, which went down in 1715 when a fleet of ten Spanish ships laden with jewelry and bullion from the New World and fine chinaware and statuary from the Orient sank in a hurricane off the east coast of Florida.

Within the past three years a private salvage company, working in collusion with a few state officials, has been stripping these wrecks (see "Florida's 'Lucky' Treasure Hunt," *The Nation*, March 1, 1965) with more regard for profit than for preserving irreplaceable historical material.

The privateers had no salvaging lease from the state, although the wrecks are in state waters, when they began despoiling the vessels. However, then Governor Farris Bryant (now President Johnson's director of the Office of Emergency Planning) made them honest by issuing a *retroactive* lease. Thus, instead of requiring the company to surrender what it had obtained without a license, the state *gave* it a cool million in treasure and invited it to take more, for the wrecks have scarcely been tapped as yet.

Pleas from newspapers and university officials that the state take over the salvaging operation were ignored. The private salvors are supposed to give Florida one-fourth of all that they recover, but state officials require no strict accounting. Nor does the state supervise the salvaging closely, although there have been reports that the crews (who are hardly motivated by the instincts of archeologists) kick the artifacts out of the way to get at the gold.

Many of these priceless objects that should be in museums in Florida and elsewhere will be auctioned by Parke-Bernet on February 4. Many of them will thereafter disappear from public view. Some of the old coins will undoubtedly find a role similar to that given a batch purchased earlier by the Sheaffer fountain pen company: they will be melted down to coat pens and other doodads.



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POLITICS OF EQUIVOCATION

# THE TWO FACES OF THE GOP

**MILTON VIORST**

*Mr. Viorst is the author of* Hostile Allies: FDR and De Gaulle *(Macmillan). He is now completing a book on the Republican Party to be published next year.*

The election last month amply demonstrated that the Republican Party is not dead; still, it scarcely proved that the party is bursting with health. The crucial question for the American two-party system is not whether the Republicans, in opposition, can win back some offices they once held; the crucial question is whether they have once again become major contenders for power on the national level. Despite GOP elation from Sacramento to Albany, it is by no means clear that the answer is yes.

The Republicans would have us believe that they won an important mandate on November 8. It looks, however, as if they had won nothing more than a significant rearguard action. One cannot emphasize too strongly that their victory left them on the short end of a 64-to-36 division in the Senate and a 248-to-187 split in the House. They now hold more Congressional seats than at any time since 1958, but they do not control Congress and, in fact, hold fewer seats than they did through most of the Eisenhower years. It is probable that the conservative coalition of Republicans and Dixiecrats has been restored to full vigor, but that is an obstructionist not a legislative majority. One can, at best, call the election a tactical victory for the Republicans, achieved by counterattack. It was not a mandate for the Republicans to govern.

For a clue to what the election did mean, one must examine rather carefully individual races in swing districts. They mean more than the raw statistics. The patterns which emerge do not necessarily lead one to conclude that the elections were a repudiation of the Johnson legislative program. Note these examples:

In New Hampshire—where Democratic Sen. Thomas J. McIntyre soundly trounced his Goldwaterite opponent—a former Republican Congressman, Louis C. Wyman, defeated the incumbent Democrat, Oliver J. Huot, in a House contest. Wyman had himself been a Goldwaterite but shifted significantly to a moderate position on economic questions for the 1966 campaign. "I favor an increase in social security payments," Wyman said, "to keep up with the added cost of living resulting from the Johnson Administration's inability to manage the economy of our country without inflation." Thus Wyman could be a critic without attacking the objectives of the Great Society.

In Virginia, William L. Scott, a Republican, defeated George C. Rawlings, Jr., a liberal Democrat, but only after Rawlings had won the primary election from Rep. Howard W. Smith, symbol of reactionary Southern politics. Conservative Republicans took two House seats in Virginia, yet the Virginia electorate, in the primary, had unseated not only Smith but the extremely conservative Sen. A. Willis Robertson. As a result, Virginia's delegation to Washington next year, despite the two Republicans, may actually be a trifle more liberal than before.

In Iowa, where GOP roots go deep, the Democrats lost four of the House seats they took in 1964. It was a severe defeat, but in each case, the loss was to a Republican who had promised not to tamper with the economic reforms of the previous two years. None of the Republican victors seemed to have anything in common with Rep. H. R. Gross, one of the last of the irrepressible reactionaries, and the only Iowa Republican who survived the Johnson tornado of 1964.

The pattern seems reasonably clear. All over the North, Republicans who were elected had either always been moderates or had conducted campaigns that stressed moderation. Even Ronald Reagan, whose Birchite leanings seemed so obvious a year ago, had himself made over into a moderate to catch a sufficiently broad sector of the California electorate. Sen. John Tower, Goldwater's former spear carrier in Texas, moved perceptibly toward the middle in the past year. Whatever the citizens were saying, the Republicans seemed to recognize that they were not commanding a rollback on the legislation of the Kennedy-Johnson years.

This is not to suggest that the forthcoming Congress would enact, say, Medicare, had it not already been enacted. But the electorate would undoubtedly be outraged if the new Congress now sought to take Medicare away. The newly elected Republicans are unlikely to be innovators, but they are even less apt to seek repeal of the economic and social reforms achieved by the past two administrations.

"I got the impression that the people wanted a new team of managers and that's what they elected," said a keen political observer after a tour around the country. Managers can be relied upon not to upset the *status quo.*

What the electorate really seemed to be saying was that it had grown weary of the pace. In 1952, it was similarly weary and it elected Eisenhower. By 1958, it had become bored and voted once again for political dynamism. Now it seems ready for another rest.

The signs of discontent were plentiful. If the war in Vietnam was not allowed to become a major issue, it has nonetheless generated deep feelings of malaise. If civil rights bills have been enacted by consensus, the rioting and crime that appear to be their concomitant have confused and frightened many voters. If prosperity has never been greater, inflation is profoundly disturbing. If business profits are at record peaks, the farmers feel themselves cheated of their share of the easy money (which, perhaps, explains why the Democrats generally held their own in industrial areas, but lost in the countryside). The mistake that most prognosticators made this year, in foreseeing a much smaller Democratic loss, was the failure to appreciate the depth of the electorate's discontent.

The President is not a popular man. It is impossible to assess the effect of Lyndon Johnson's personality on the voting, but it seems quite clear that the low credibility, the crudity, the complacency, the irritability, the vanity



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of the President combined to take their toll. John F. Kennedy was far more popular than his program; Lyndon Johnson is infinitely less so. Quite apart from what the Democratic Party represented, the President himself was an electoral liability.

It is also important to note that the Johnson Administration, whatever its achievements in the past two years, had by Election Day run dry of attractive proposals for change. Those disturbed by social inequities felt almost no assurance that a renewal of the Democratic mandate would bring new and vital reforms. Johnson has been so smug about the triumphs of the 89th Congress that he generated no sense of urgency about electing his supporters to the 90th. Liberal Democrats promised little in the next Congress, except some added agitation over Vietnam—which was scarcely what the President wanted. Johnson himself seemed to be giving the cue to relax the process of change. The electorate responded with instructions to modify the pace, though not the direction, of political activity.

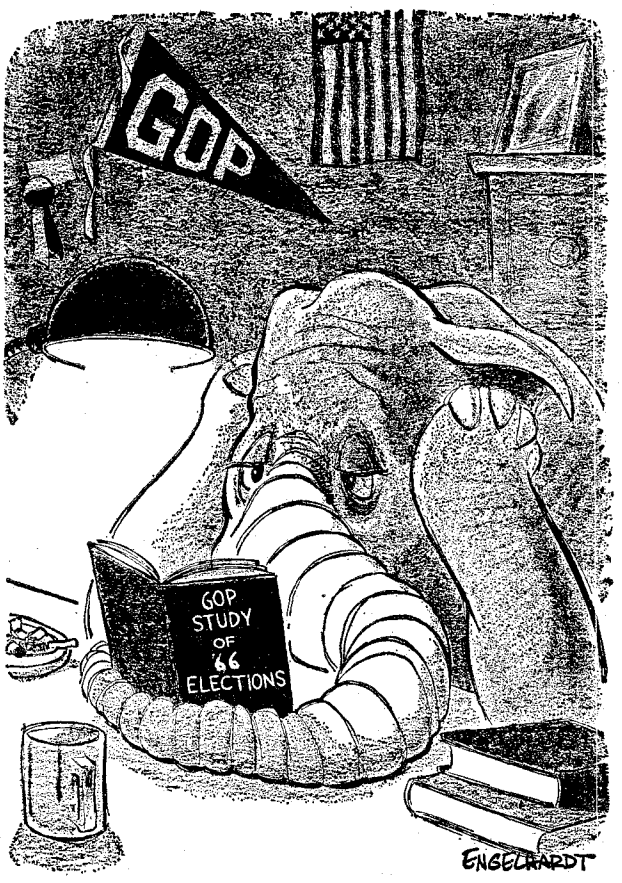
None of this, however, suggests that the Republicans have, since 1964, made themselves ready to resume a genuine two-party struggle for control of the government. Going before the electorate as the party of protest was a perfectly legitimate posture for the Republicans in 1966, but that is not what the voters will expect from a party that will claim the prerogative of conducting the affairs of the nation in 1968.

Since 1964, the Republicans have been working hard to recover from the self-indulgence of running Barry Goldwater for the Presidency. But their manner of going about it has not been to hammer out a new political doctrine sufficiently attractive to compete with the pretensions of the Great Society. On the contrary, Ray Bliss has spent his tenure as Republican National Chairman assiduously avoiding embarrassing doctrinal disputes. He has worked to perfect the party's organization and financing and the results indicate that he has done a remarkable job. He used the services of professional public relations practitioners with impressive skill. But by ignoring the doctrinal differences, or by pretending that they do not cut very deep, he has gone far to create a nonpolitical political party. Whatever his success with this strategy in 1966, it is doubtful that it can shape a party to which a national electorate will give its confidence.

This year, the Republican Party was able to adapt its presentation to the multitude of local conditions that it faced. It could be whatever it chose to be in 435 Congressional districts and thirty-five Senate races, to say nothing of thirty-five gubernatorial contests. It could be segregationist in Georgia and anti-segregationist in Maryland; conservative in California and liberal in New York; hawkish in New Hampshire and dovish in Oregon; defiant of backlash in Massachusetts and receptive to backlash in Illinois; demagogic in Florida and anti-demagogue in Arkansas. The Democrats were identified with Lyndon Johnson and, like it or not, had to fly him on their banners. The Republicans could tailor their slogans to individual circumstances. Under the rules of American politics, this was all quite above reproach, but a party cannot play the game of equivocation indefinitely.

In 1968, the Republicans will have to decide which of the many faces they wore in 1966 will represent the party in the Presidential election. Then the trouble will start. If it's the Goldwater-Reagan face, the Northeast will be lost. If it's the Rockefeller-Romney face, the South will secede. If it's the Nixon-Nixon face, the voters who don't trust Johnson will find no one else more trustworthy. In 1968, the Republicans will have to establish an identity, promote a principle, at least create an image. They will need not only an anti-Democratic but a pro-Republican vote from within the ranks of the uncommitted. They have not shown that they know how to get that vote.

Of course, even Presidential elections have been won on protest votes. It might be argued that Roosevelt beat Hoover




St. Louis Post-Dispatch

*Cram Course for the Two-Party System*

that way in 1932. But it is difficult to foresee, even in the Vietnamese War, a crisis comparable to the Great Depression. And Roosevelt was known for a positive approach to government which was thoroughly foreign to the mentality of Hoover. Hoover may have been crushed by votes protesting the depression, but the electorate also knew that from Roosevelt it would get a sharply contrasting political philosophy.

The Republican difficulty is that the party has still not resolved the problems that appeared so vividly after Hoover's defeat. The electorate has declared, most recently in 1964, that it wants no more of the great engineer's brand of laissez-faire government. On the other hand, the voters have indicated that they take little stock in the pale versions of Democratic programs offered up by Dewey, Willkie, Nixon



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and the so-called Republican moderates of our own day. Eisenhower, war hero and father figure, was a special case, but his minority Congresses were persuasive evidence that the voters did not have faith in the party he headed. The election of 1966 gave no cause to believe that the public had seriously modified its views.

Back in 1958, the Democrats won a smashing Congressional victory, offering programs which the Republican President had consistently resisted. The electorate showed that it favored the Democratic offerings.

In 1966, what did the Republicans promise, beyond superior management of the Democratic programs enacted since 1958? With good reason, they criticized the management of the economy, the anti-poverty program and the Vietnamese War. But they did not offer a single fresh idea during the entire campaign. Big or small, ideas were absent. And one could not escape the even more troublesome impression that Republicans who recognized problems were making no real search for solutions. The party not only failed to come up with good ideas; it did not even come up with bad ones. Tactically, it conducted a campaign designed to elicit the maximum of anti-Democratic votes; that was the extent of it.

There is good reason to believe, as many have observed, that the conventional liberalism of our day has exhausted its social potential. The Democratic Party, having redeemed the pledges of a quarter-century, is understandably wedded to New Dealism. Under Johnson, it seems to turn its face away from the fresh approaches needed to resolve new problems; nor does it show much will to clean up the vast residue of the old ones. There is plenty of room in Washington for brains, Democratic or Republican.

What of the desperation implicit in the world population explosion, and the parallel crisis in food, both of which are within this country's capacity to affect? Is not the federal system proving to be a strait jacket on the development of urban America, now 75 per cent or more of the population? Is no one frightened that nuclear proliferation becomes more menacing each day, while the government remains embedded in pious clichés? Can the nation continue to stumble along in its international relations, with no clear conception of its obligations to the rest of the world, to say nothing of its own self-interest? Does not the computer threaten the *status quo* in the 20th century more than did the Black Death in the 14th?

Such is the range of vital public questions, but only a few isolated thinkers discuss them. The Democratic Party, having perhaps ruled overlong, is too complacent about the future to entertain disturbing prospects. In theory, it is the function of the party of opposition, hungry for office, to cry out fearlessly that crisis looms. It is depressing that the GOP, seeking desperately for ways to compete for power, remains haughtily indifferent to the best way of all.

Bold ideas—which are not necessarily the same as liberal ideas—will make the Republican Party a genuine contender for national favor. But bold ideas are a world away from the obscurantism of the Goldwaters and the tepid, managerial liberalism of the Romneys. To be sure, a surge of reaction within the electorate, a nasty backlash, a deep feeling of distaste for an incumbent President—any of these might produce an occasional victory in an election, even a Presidential election. But a victory so achieved would be no more than a chastisement of the ruling party and a mandate to mark time. As explicitly as it can, the Ray Bliss-Richard Nixon party has indicated that it is satisfied with the old ideas and resists a search for new ones. The Republican Party today sees victory as a function of the bumbling of its opposition. However successful in any given November, in the long haul that means sterility and continued decay for the party. To the country, hungry for the stimulation of two-party vigor, it could well bring tragedy.

BIG CITY SLOWDOWN

# THE BATTLE OF BUREAUCRACY

**BLANCHE D. BLANK**

*Mrs. Blank was executive director of the Mayor's Task Force on City Personnel in New York. She is associate professor of political science at Hunter College.*

Politics is *won*; administration is simply *done*. The former is a game that attracts the average citizen as an occasional participant and as a reasonably regular spectator. The latter seems drudgery worth only distant, infrequent and cynical nods. It is hard then to direct public attention to what I have come to believe is the real adversary in the battle for better urban services and creative, healthful urban living. But the truth of the matter is that today's cities move more upon the backs of their bureaucrats than upon the shoulders of their politicians. And the bureaucrats are found wanting fully as often as the politicians.

Unfortunately, even the professional watchdog associations relaxed their interest in bureaucracy once the public service establishments of our largest cities transcended the "spoils system" about a generation ago. With the adoption of the so-called "merit system" (in which employees are largely immune to political whim), the critics no longer saw a chronic danger. They were wrong. The elected officials, to be sure, should provide the spark for imaginative urban policies; but they must have a bureaucratic base that is prepared to ignite. That base is still sodden in most cities. Reorganization (along the lines already initiated by Mayor Lindsay in New York City) takes care of the shape of the bureaucracy—the number of units and their relative position. It is now necessary to introduce positive practices to insure a supply of first-rate personnel and sufficient incentive to keep them primed.



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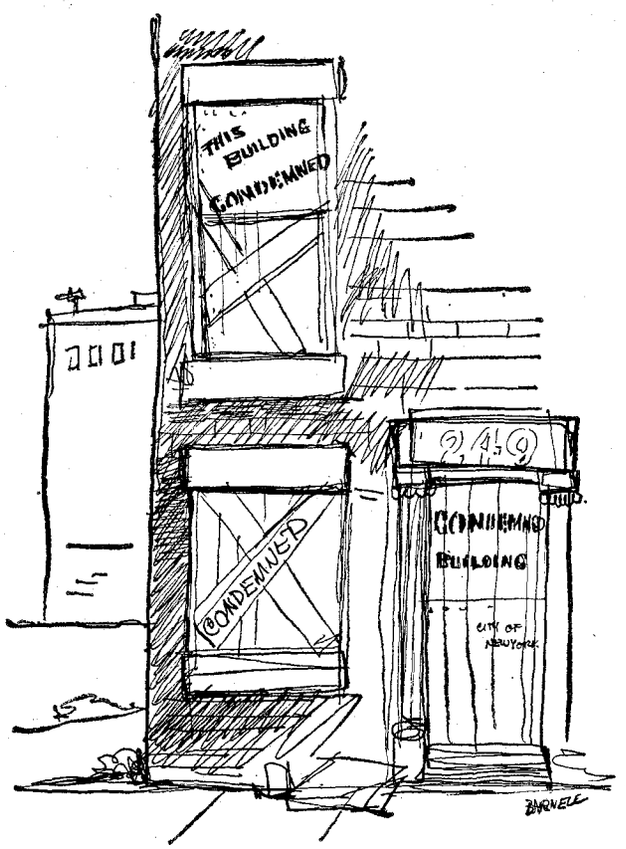
I recently visited one of Mayor Lindsay's most vigorous new commissioners, who after three months in office was almost overcome by the situation in which he found himself caught. "Do you realize I've got a quarter of a million dollars worth of personnel not doing any productive work for this city? I can't put them *on* a job or *off* the payroll. They're either under criminal indictment or just totally incompetent." In another department (one of the city's largest and most essential) the men in the bureau of transportation average no more than three and a half to four hours of actual work per week while drawing salaries of more than $100. Moreover, the typical malingerer in this operation has no sense of guilt. He sees the situation as "normal operating procedure" and is quick to point out the complicity of middle management.

The good will, ideas and moral stamina of the much publicized city leadership must somehow be allowed to percolate throughout the entire bureaucracy. At present the system is clogged by poor public relations, budgetary restraints, statutory anachronisms, procedural rigidities and an inappropriate outlook.

In New York City, close to a quarter million civil servants are charged with carrying out the mayor's programs. They currently operate out of ninety agencies and do virtually every known type of work from fence mending to physics. Two-thirds of this group are employed through the City Department of Personnel; not more than 12 per cent are direct political appointees. There are, however, some 16,000 noncompetitive posts (mostly manual jobs, but also about 2,000 at high levels) for which only general qualifications are required, instead of the usual competitive examination score.

The overwhelming majority of these civil servants are able and honorable people. Indeed, the city often gets better than it deserves. But there are other cases in which the recruitment, development and retention of excellence lag. Some of the failure arises from an "image" of city employment that falls far short of actual conditions. Time and again I found people (including some who were professionally concerned with government service) seriously misinformed about the city's bureaucracy. One high-ranking federal personnel officer, for example, thought incorrectly that stenographers in federal agencies were better paid than those working for the city. Similarly, a banker was surprised to learn that in many areas the city pay scale was competitive with wages in his bank.

Of course, there are also valid reasons why City Hall does not attract Columbia the way Washington does Harvard. New York City's civil service (like that of most other large cities) needs considerable revision. The most frequent complaint inside the service comes from men at or near the top who feel that they have been asked to do big jobs without being given sufficient power. A new, eager, inexperienced, politically appointed commissioner is likely to see his department as a vast immovable herd of automatons in whom imagination and a high sense of urgency have long been deadened. When he has mellowed he may come to find that all is not as black as he first thought, and that he alone does not have a monopoly on intelligence and virtue. But even if he attains this wisdom (instead of drowning in either bitterness or despair), he will accumulate a set of legitimate gripes, all stemming from his desire to run his own show in his own style and to approach the goals of his assignment.




When you talk to such a man, you discover that the leading devils in his purgatory are the Budget Office and "the system" (the latter being a set of labyrinth procedures reluctantly administered by the City Department of Personnel). To imprint his style, a commissioner needs considerable freedom to use both the carrot and the stick. But in New York City, his carrot (merit increases, promotions, training, compensatory time off) is all but nibbled away by budget restrictions, and his stick (reprimand, demotion, dismissal) is all but broken by legal but ossified personnel practices. On top of this, his reservoir of new blood is considerably thinned by impossible exam procedures and unrealistic eligibility qualifications.

When he blasts out against budgetary restrictions, to take the major adversary first, a commissioner is not likely to be conscious of the fact that in large measure he is complaining about the mayor, to whom he owes his job in the first place. Nonetheless, many of the restraints that chafe him are traceable to policies and personalities that come directly under the mayor's control. Sooner or later, most department heads come to sense (however subliminally) that they must operate by "pull." Indeed, a New York City commissioner needs more "blat" than a Soviet commissar. His pull index, moreover, is a composite measure of his political strength, his professional reputation, his personal connections with the mayor, and his persistence. It is apparent to even a casual observer that some commissioners are more equal than others.

An average commissioner cannot do what he wants with his budget primarily because it is a line-by-line affair that



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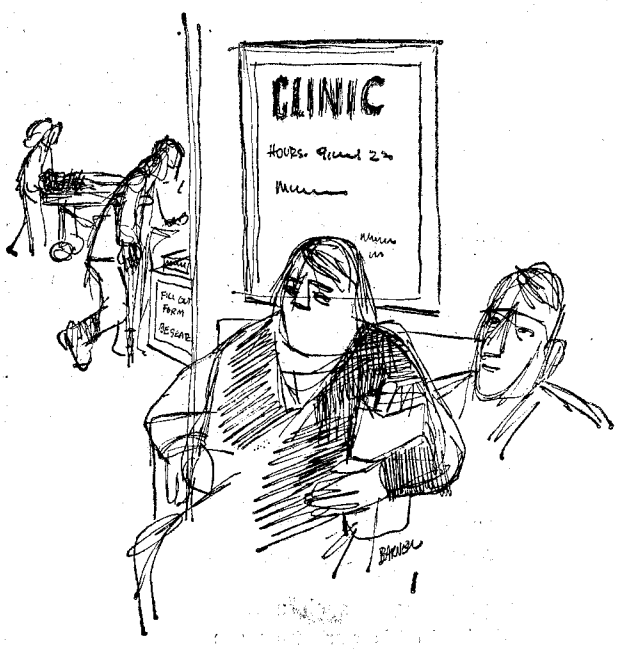
must be agonized over with the Budget Office, and this despite the fact that the new charter in New York appears to have liberalized departmental control over budgets. The city now has a "performance" budget in which presumably a department head need justify only overall amounts and within which he can reasonably juggle his own personnel needs. But the charter also permits the mayor to withdraw this privilege, and that is exactly what former Mayor Wagner did, and what Mayor Lindsay continues to do. There is extant an executive order which allows only specifically named departments to enjoy the new flexibility. Few departments have to date received the accolade (and




one which did, was made to feel that it had better not abuse its privilege).

All commissioners, moreover, are prisoners of the "accrual system," again a policy patently condoned by the mayor. Under this procedure no department gets its *published* budgetary allotment. Instead, it receives that portion left after the Budget Office has subtracted the expenses likely to evaporate during the year by reason of deaths, retirements or other departures. Any personnel replacements must then be newly justified to Budget and will almost invariably be made at the beginning salary level in the department. This naturally greatly reduces a commissioner's personnel leverage, and means that departments are more likely to "fatten up" their personnel requests than search for savings. From the commissioner's viewpoint, in short, the Budget director has his grasp on too many departmental personnel operations: from what positions should be filled and when, to job classifications, merit increases and salary rates for certain posts.

In fairness, however, most Budget men have developed their jaundiced outlook from the depressing discovery that all too few *political* personalities are ready to buck the unions, or the internal bureaucratic pressure group, or even to restrain their own instincts for patronage. Furthermore, the Budget director necessarily takes an overall view of the city system. It is he, more than any other official short of the mayor, who must visualize the total implications of any individual move in the civil service establishment. To him, a raise or classification change in a particular department is two things: it is a *permanent* escalation of city costs; and it is a potential trigger to a host of hierarchically related raises and reclassifications.

Moreover, if you ask a budget officer why a department must concoct a phony budget in order to make up for "accruals," he will tell you that the city simply must have uncommitted funds for emergencies. (There is no year without unusual snowfalls, unexpected demonstrations, a blackout, etc.) If you then ask, logically, why the city cannot have a contingency fund written specifically for this purpose, you will be told that such a fund is unthinkable because the unions would see it as an open invitation to come in with wage demands that would reduce the fund to zero in the first week of every fiscal year.

Finally, you may wish to suggest to a Budget man that after all the commissioners are also the mayor's men: why shouldn't *they* be trusted with personnel decisions? You will then be assured that the mayor does not invariably trust or respect his appointees. Some commissioners may be necessary political payoffs, others unfortunate mistakes. In any event, the mayor can hardly be expected to keep a close eye on as many as eighty "top dogs." By working through Budget, he can keep every one of his commissioners constantly dancing to the tune he himself calls.

Complaints against the Personnel Department are less frequent. The average commissioner tends to look on Personnel with more pity than pique—if indeed, he does not overlook them entirely. A few agency heads, however, do feel checked by this staff arm.

One commissioner contended that a Personnel Department classification officer had withheld a critical reclassification of a title in which his agency had had more than 300 vacancies in three years. He had fought a long, hard, time-consuming and ultimately unsuccessful battle for *his* version of what was needed in the job specification. Another commissioner charged that the Personnel Department's failure to honor his request for a short delay in the scheduling of an administrative promotional exam resulted in the exclusion of a group of well-trained, younger recruits who needed the extra weeks demanded in order to comply with the experience qualifications. By Personnel's refusal to postpone this test, an "in-group" of older employees (about whom the commissioner was less than sanguine) had this field for promotion to themselves.

In most instances, however, the Personnel Department tries to be an ally to the agency chiefs and is so accepted by them. They generally see eye to eye and are equally distressed by the overelaborate grievance procedures, the laxity of performance evaluations, the prolix exam system and the budgetary rigidities. The effectiveness of the city Department of Personnel as an aide to the commissioners is, however, heavily curtailed by financial, psychological and legal considerations.

Unlike Budget, the Department of Personnel is not at all close to the mayor. It has never had the administrative status, parallel to Budget, as staff arm to the chief executive, and its position vis-à-vis Budget is exacerbated by the fact that it too must depend on that office for its own lines, classifications and other benefits. The department



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includes an unusual cadre of highly intelligent, well-trained and hard-working men, but they have been the "second team" too long. They are so used to being hemmed in by legalistic restrictions through which they must thread clever and devious routes, that they rarely consider fighting a pitched battle.

In addition to being administrative stepchildren, they are also the official custodians of the Civil Service Law and of the merit mentality. These once fashionable goals are today generally obsolete. The mission is not to keep rascals out but to bring excellence in. It is not enough to be fair; one must also be fruitful. But procedural "fairness," as well as a number of other outmoded objectives, are immortalized in everything from the state constitution through state laws, city ordinances, Civil Service Commission regulations (both state and city), the myriad court decisions interpreting all of the foregoing, and the very habits of the Personnel Department itself.

It is the state constitution, for example, that marries the personnel operation to a well-meant but currently inappropriate competitive examination procedure for promotions as well as entrance. Other sections of state law set up arbitrary qualifications. Welfare workers are now required to be college graduates (though not necessarily with anything in their academic records resembling professional social-work training). Yet much of the work they do is investigatory—some of it routine paperwork—and much better suited to junior college people or even bright high school graduates. But aside from other difficulties that here might stand in the way of reform, the standards are perpetuated by a law which requires a department receiving state aid (about half the welfare budget) to use college graduates. Similarly rigid state requirements concerning registered nurses have received unfavorable publicity.

A recent State Supreme Court decision, to take another facet of the legal problem, questioned the lawfulness of a long-used Personnel Department interpretation that its own rules did not require State Civil Service Commission confirmation. Now, even this limited latitude is in doubt, along with a whole series of past actions taken under that reasonable amplification. Years of pussyfooting among such legal booby traps have made the department understandably cautious. "I'll tell you why we can't do that" is the hallmark of its style.

Much of the difficulty that besets the Department of Personnel in its attempt to cope usefully with the civil service establishment stems from preoccupation with an often spurious type of "fairness." This is presumed to flow from all sorts of devices: entrance examinations, promotional exams, veterans' preference rules, labyrinthine grievance procedures, overweening concern for nondiscrimination policies, and from detailed regulations concerning reprimands, demotions and dismissals. These safeguards are frequently inadequate even to their own narrow limits.

The Personnel Department is asked, for example, to administer about 300 different examinations to close to 200,000 people in an average year. Many of these are entrance exams, and *too* many are promotional ones. (There are typically six steps from one rung to the next in a promotional ladder and it takes many years to move through them. In one department, the yield from this system was a median age of 55 among the eighty-five persons earning $10,000 per year or more.)

A typical self-defeating "fairness" requirement in the exam procedure is that every civil service test be published immediately after it is used, so that all may see the questions and the acceptable answers and be able to protest any item believed to be unjust. What is the actual outcome of this expensive procedure? A certain number of relatively minor mistakes are caught, while the more serious problem of running out of decently perceptive questions is insured by the publicity. "Cram schools" inevitably build portfolios of potential questions that must at some point be repeated. Indeed, a year or so ago, almost half of those taking a fireman's exam left after only one hour of what was scheduled to be a three-hour test; they had studied precisely this exam in a cram course. I have just been told, however, that this requirement is about to be lifted.

The following case history is typical of the civil service exam procedure. In January, 1964, just before graduating from college, an entirely suitable Hunter senior "filed" for a "planning" exam. The test was held on April 11 (after her application had been scrutinized for "eligibility") at the Abraham Lincoln High School in Brooklyn. A few hundred people from all over the city took the test. After three months she was finally notified of "passing." Later in July she was asked to appear for an oral interview. In

August there was a medical exam, and the following November she was required to report (replete with diploma, marriage license and other newly acquired credentials) at a "character exam." From that point on she received no further communication from the city except what she herself initiated. She telephoned in September to find out her status. She was then informed that her "list" had expired the previous July. When she tried to discover whether *any* appointments had been made from that exam, she could originally get no firm information. Only after a number of subsequent phone calls (many of which were rudely answered) was she able to ferret out that "a few" people



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had been appointed to three of the five departments in which vacancies were originally announced. She also discovered at this late date that 153 persons had passed the written test.

A story like this should elicit questions. Why is it necessary to cast such a broad net for so tiny a catch? Having once cast it (perhaps on the ground that nothing is too costly for excellence), why bother with oral interviews, physicals and other such expensive folderol except for the few top people who are *likely* to be ultimately appointed to the handful of vacancies? One might also want to know why (since the exam was an objective one geared for machine marking) it took three months to notify applicants of their fate.

But the really basic questions are: Why should we think that we are likely to get the best of anything when eight months is the average time between filing and appointment for all civil service exams? And why should we cling naively to the hope that objective exams of the sort so often used really elicit the capacities we ultimately need in the service? Would not college grades, the Graduate Record Exam, or some other equally cheap and painless device serve as well? Exams for promotion, it should be noted, offer most of the same disadvantages, plus the fact that they are frequently either confined to an "in group" or designed to favor them.

If getting good people in has its frustrations, getting poor ones out is even worse. Dismissals in the New York City civil service run to less than 1.5 per cent a year. The required proceedings are highly formal, almost like a trial—and generally suggestive that it is the supervisor rather than the employee who is being tried. Appeals from a departmental decision can be taken to the city Civil Service Commission or to the courts. (Just recently, a state judicial decision threw doubts on the proposition that these are necessarily alternative procedures; so it may now be that *both* avenues of appeal are open to disgruntled employees.) Although both the commission and the courts are more than likely to uphold departmental disciplinary decisions, a sufficient number of reversals are on record to worry most supervisors. In fact, a very high-ranking personnel officer ventured that if the commission or the courts adopted ordinary business management standards, 50 per cent of the grievance procedures now decided in favor of employees would be reversed. Considering, therefore, the risk of the unsettling effects on various segments of personnel, the tremendous consumption of agency time, the heavy cost and the ordinary human reluctance to do unpleasant things, it is remarkable that *any* dismissals are achieved under present conditions. A former powerful and important executive assistant to Mayor Wagner rated dismissal difficulties as the key morale obstacle in the civil service. Good people are irritated by the retention (and occasionally even the promotion; in a number of instances employees were actually promoted while dismissal procedures were under way) of mediocrity, or worse.

Even the probationary period that follows all original appointments to the competitive civil service provides a dismissal flexibility that is more apparent than real. Civil service rules require that an incumbent must serve the *entire* probationary period (either three or six months, depending on the post), before he is vulnerable to summary dismissal. Prior to that time he must be given the full-dress hearing described above, even if his conduct during the period is blatantly irresponsible. Moreover, there is actually only one brief day during which it is legal to dismiss him. Eight hours later, if he is not released, he becomes a "regular." Most probationers become full-fledged civil servants almost automatically.

Merit increases, moreover (which a commissioner might think to use as a "carrot"), have in most instances degenerated into automatic increments because of the difficulties attached to stigmatizing an employee with a "below-standard" rating and the almost equal reluctance of supervisors to designate anyone as "superior." The resulting barrage of "standard" scores makes a farce of the whole merit idea.

Still another type of "fairness" that plagues the city's civil service and is necessarily administered by the Personnel Department is the requirement that the city's own employment practices vigorously reflect the state's generally laudatory attempts to prevent discrimination. The most recent addition to the anti-discrimination coverage is the criterion of "age." On quick reading this may seem as beneficial as the race and religion clauses; nevertheless, it is the bane of many city supervisors. In one department, for instance, an exam that was designed to reap a group of vigorous career-minded youngsters, produced instead a crop of 60-year-old widows. Not only was career development impossible with such a group but one supervisor complained that he could not even get his clerical tasks done properly since many of his files required the use of a 6-foot ladder. Another department chief told me that it had been years since he had seen a "healthy youngster of forty." Even the exams designed for bright young college graduates are apt to turn up 50-year-old college-bred retirees from other careers. While there is every reason to provide meaningful work for older (and disabled) citizens, it is doubtful that the city service alone can carry the burden.

What can be done about this civil service situation? Certainly, the forthcoming State Constitutional Convention should give thought to changes in that document. The legislature must also be enjoined to repeal archaic and excessively rigid laws and to revise the role of both city and state Civil Service Commissions so that they become exclusively *adjudicatory* bodies. But the latest of a long series of reports on this subject—the "Report of the Task Force on City Personnel" submitted to Mayor Lindsay this past May by its chairman, Col. Harold Riegelman—makes it clear that the Mayor must take some direct actions himself. He must give more than lip service to the Charter provisions for performance budgeting. He must issue the directives necessary to assure his commissioners the powers commensurate with their responsibilities. Although this support of the working chiefs would entail inevitable political, possible financial and occasional moral risks, such dangers might be somewhat reduced if the Mayor would simultaneously indicate his readiness to accept resignations where necessary.

The Mayor can also stimulate the use of *merit* in merit increases, of college graduates, of training programs, and of virtually all the recommendations already on hand or yet to come, simply by his enthusiastic endorsement. The public



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relations aspect of the city service would be particularly susceptible to improvement through his initiative.

Moreover, it is primarily the Mayor who can come to grips with the eighty or so unions that now do business with the city. A clear-cut acceptance of city-wide collective bargaining (instead of the piecemeal bargaining, interlarded with an obsolete "wage and salary" plan, that is currently in effect) might clear the air. At the same time, the city must insist on some workable arrangements concerning strikes. The right of management to manage must also be preserved in the face of continued union pressures to make everything a bargaining item.

The individual commissioners too have a constructive role to play. While they certainly have the right to ask for the removal of a number of roadblocks, they must also be prepared to use their own initiative and enthusiasm. There are times when it appears that a victory has been won but change is nonetheless thwarted by the commissioners' failure to follow up. For example, after the introduction of the "administrative aide" line (a hard-won battle for the lateral entry of college graduates) commissioners seemed reluctant to buck the possible resentment of their older employees, and equally unwilling to invest the necessary seed money for training these recruits. Indeed, in almost three years of operation, this program can boast only six incumbents. The failure to devote resources to training goes beyond this particular situation; it is a general operational affliction. The present acting personnel director tells of an agency head who complained about the inadequate stenographic help he was getting through the Personnel Department's recruitment and examination procedures. He made invidious comparisons with the secretarial help he found in a nearby banking house. But the truth of the matter, upon investigation by the Personnel Department, was that whereas the bank devoted many weeks to a careful orientation and training program for stenographers, the city agency simply dumped recruits into a stenographic pool without so much as a ten-minute briefing session.

Yet there is a breed of manager who not only survives the current difficult environment, but makes the most of it. At least one ex-commissioner *did* avail himself of college recruits and lived with them long enough to see certain fruits from his efforts. Another such man in the Department of Hospitals handles the Budget Office this way: "I tell the budget director I'll meet his accruals and then he can keep his hands off me. He'll get his quota and after that I'll run my own show."

As for the Personnel Department, it must decentralize operations, recruit high-quality personnel officers to carry on the work within each department, overhaul examination procedures; introduce systematic auditing for departmental personnel activities, increase its basic research in the areas of examinations and rating systems; and, most important, it must make training a primary duty for the central office as well as the operating agencies. Without proper training and indoctrination, new recruits are lost and older ones deteriorate.

In short, the city has a lot to do if it is going to compete successfully in the strenuous game of getting and keeping superior personnel. But even "the man in the street" can help by simply rejecting all the old clichés about bureaucracy and by giving the civil service a little of his attention and concern.

# NO FUN IN BAVARIA

**C. AMERY**

*Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities.*

*Munich*

The Bavarian post-election shindig was held, as befits tradition, in the offices of the *Muenchener Merkur,* a daily friendly to Franz Josef Strauss. Strauss had won, and won handsomely; but the gathering was not exactly a social success. The drinks were there, the crowds were there, and the faces of the Christian Socialist politicians were duly fashioned into the lines of successful statesmanship. As the returns rolled in from the old strongholds, fake peasant vitality swapped first names and slapped broad *Loden*-covered backs; but the good old Bavarian fun was slow in coming.

There was the irritating glare of the TV lights, as one local or regional leader after another was interviewed on the old-fashioned, leather-buttoned settee in the corner. There was the disappointment in the faces of the young, sharp Social Democratic politicians, a strong group of intellectuals and trade union professionals, who saw their first-time seats vanish as the totals mounted. The party held its own, but had counted on "comrade trend" to continue the steady growth that had prevailed up until now. There was the glum face of the academic pundit on the screen of Channel 2, mumbling his way through inconsistent computer results from Mittelfranken; and there were, above all, the foreign observers. This obviously was not the old, self-centered house party of previous elections. The great wide world was watching, and the Bavarian, for all his vaunted cosmopolitanism, does not like that.

Canada and Sweden and France and Italy were there and, of course, the United States. Cameras were clicking away, and information was exchanged. "You got Vogel? That the heavy-set fellow? No, the other one over there, with the glasses." Whether Bavaria liked it or not, a new battle had started—and one that bore disquieting resemblance to defeats long forgotten: the defeats of the middle twenties.

It was clear what the foreign watchers were watching: a new bird tagged NPD, National Democratic Party of Germany. And the bird performed on cue. Compared to Hesse, it is true, the Bavarian electorate did fairly well in a democratic way: Hesse, a model Social Democratic state, voted 8 per cent for the new right wing; in Bavaria it was



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7.4 per cent. Two factors observed in Hesse were also active in Bavaria: precincts with more than 70 per cent Catholic voters and precincts with more than 40 per cent blue collar were relatively immune to the new virus, and this worked against the National Democrats in Bavaria, which is predominantly Catholic and whose larger cities have become industrial centers of growing importance. But the intricacies of Bavaria's election laws helped to oust the old liberals from the state house and to introduce the right wingers.

Bavarian law stipulates that a party gather at least 10 per cent of the vote in one of Bavaria's seven provinces in order to get proportional representation in the Maximilianeum, the state capitol above the Isar River. And there was one single province which, both to the liberals and to the NPD, could mean success or failure—the province of Mittelfranken (Central Franconia), around Nuremberg. Most of the province was originally a Prussian domain; it is heavily Protestant (the most conservative Protestantism in Germany); it is anti-Munich, and it is socially unstable, with strong groups arising between a struggling small peasantry and the small-town tradesman whose social prestige is receding. The whole NPD question boiled down to this: Would a few thousand voters of a medium-sized Bavarian province stick to their old-fashioned liberalism, or would they follow the Hessian trend? We have the answer, and it provides a big headache for German politics in years to come.

It must be seen against the background of the present Bonn malaise. For the first time since 1948, real decisions are necessary there, and nobody—as yet—seems able to make them. That is the crisis, nothing else, but it scares the politically coddled German middle-class and lower-middle-class voter. Unlike the citizens of established democracies, he is wont to express his dissatisfaction not against the "ruling party" but against the "establishment" as a whole. The opposition SPD is part of the establishment; hence the trend to the right. While the Social Democrats did not lose, they did not gain either: they kept their votes both in Hesse and in Bavaria, but they did not get any new ones (except in certain Catholic areas). As Herr Fassbender of Hesse's NPD boasted: "*We* stopped the Socialist advance."

Abu, London: Ben Roth

This is not Strauss's headache—yet. The Bavarian boss has timed his actions well. With unsurpassed cynicism, he has engineered both Erhard's downfall and Kiesinger's investiture as the new CDU candidate for the chancellery—a victory which is probably short-lived, but was good enough for the Bavarian elections. Strauss could pose for the Bavarian voter as a good fighter against the North German rulers of the CDU, those "Prussians," and as the potential king maker of the Republic. The returns proved him right, as a tactician. He is hankering for an all-out fight with the North German wing of both Christian Unions, still Germany's ruling party.

The CDU presents a woeful picture of dissent, and the CSU victory in Bavaria has added to its misery. The balance of forces within this glued-together construction is completely upset: the "Gaullists" (Strauss and a few others, mostly from the south) have gained momentum against the "Atlantiker" (mostly Schroeder and his friends), with neither group knowing exactly whether either the United States or France is willing to pay the bills presented to them in the name of such friendship. The anti-American bias of the Gaullists is nurtured by the waning prospects of nuclear participation of Germany within NATO, but it is clear that the General does not think of sharing his own *force de frappe* with Germany. The Gaullists admire France's emphasis on European solutions, but it is obvious that such solutions would always include the acknowledgment of the German *status quo* and the Oder-Neisse line, a fact that the German Gaullists hide well from the electorate.

All other questions—the unbalanced budget, the economic slowdown, the growing insolvency of urban development—could be handled easily if the central foreign policy questions were solved realistically. It is only a seeming paradox that Strauss's victory has increased possibilities of a complete party switch, an SPD-FDP coalition which would send the Christian Unions to the opposition benches. Even if the Unions could manage a new working majority in Bonn (at the time of writing, nothing is decided), the bickering would continue and would keep hamstringing the necessary decisions.

Emergence of the NPD, the right-wing radicals, has to be seen against this background. It is all very well to say that 7 per cent isn't much; that a strong *poujadiste* element is present but will soon run its course; that representation in state parliaments will actually hamper this radicalism, as the new men will have to show their hand. If the central political forces of the German establishment, as it functions today, remain hopelessly divided on central issues, and use the tools of parliamentary democracy only as tools, without a spark of reverence for its basic ethics,



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the resentment against the "system" will continue to grow —and will continue to reinforce the neo-Nazis. It is a time for lovers of democracy to stand together.

Strauss does not think so. He was pleading, during the election party, for a "policy with a stronger national profile"; in other words, he wants to steal the NPD's nationalistic thunder. His wrecking talent and his tactical cleverness are immense; it is a pity that he lacks any understanding of the need for a basic political ethic. This, at present, is much more menacing than the NPD's 7 per cent. Strauss is a political boss of the old machine variety: tricky, vital, power hungry, goaded by a massive persecution complex. Such people are easily digested in a functioning democracy; in Germany, where he is the only one of his genus, he is dynamite.

I left the election party before he came, around midnight. The young men of his entourage, bespectacled or not, in business suits and American postures, were raving about the new southern "power axis," Munich-Stuttgart (Kiesinger's domicile), which would replace the old northern one, between Kiel and Düsseldorf. They seemed unaware of the existence of any political world other than their own, with its internal and external dogfights. The night air outside felt good.

# YARMOLINSKY & THE CANNIBAL

**RICHARD STERN**

*Mr. Stern's most recent novel is* Stitch *(Harper & Row). He has just finished a play,* Dossier: Twenty-four Blackouts for the Middle Electric Age.

*Chicago*

On Armistice Day, the former Special Assistant of the Defense Department, Adam Yarmolinsky of Harvard, spoke in the handsome, bowl-shaped, mock courtroom of the University of Chicago Law School about the relationship of arms and foreign policy. For those of us whose knowledge of Professor Yarmolinsky was limited to the notion that he represented the most temperate—and perhaps therefore ejected—element of Defense Department policy, the hour and a half had its surprises.

Mr. Yarmolinsky was introduced by a fellow defense strategist, the charming and urbane Professor Wohlstetter, who described his first sight of Yarmolinsky in Secretary McNamara's office at the beginning of the Kennedy administration. McNamara was instructing a group of white-faced, wide-eyed generals about the new sorts of questions for which he needed answers. In the back of the room, Yarmolinsky snored away, an obbligato of self-confidence amidst the brass collapse.

Yarmolinsky, a small, bristling man with a cock of gray-specked black hair, said he promised to keep himself awake for the duration of his talk, though he could not promise to do the same for the audience. Then he read a careful, thoughtful paper which went more or less as follows: U.S. options are limited by U.S. power; that is, the United States cannot flare into reprisals as easily as nonnuclear powers. The country's international aims, needs and responsibilities enjoy the backing of a superbly varied armament which is available to persuade, tempt, or occasionally to force the acceptance of policy goals. Only some goals, of course, as no arsenal is unlimited. Since the Second World War, there have been (according to McNamara) 164 outbreaks of violence, less than half of which were related to communism; American armament could not cope with a large fraction of these, even if policy should have dictated it. What then were some possible rules for selected intervention? Yarmolinsky suggested a few: When in doubt about the nature of an outbreak (say, civil war or external aggression) don't intervene; when possible, apply force rather than violence. (The distinction—that of Professor Schelling—has to do with forcibly preventing outbreaks rather than augmenting them.) The third section of the talk contrasted the performance of the State Department with that of its instrument, the Defense Department. The State Department has been content to develop attitudes rather than policies. It identifies nations as hostile or friendly, indicates others that should be contained. It's as if a doctor were satisfied to say that he was hostile to pleurisy and thought measles should be contained.

The speech had begun with the country as a pugilist enjoined by his strength and skill from punching roughnecks in the street and ended with the country as a doctor failing to cure the world's ills. The transition was not, I think, the intended core of Yarmolinsky's speech, but it sank in the hearts of those of us who may not be attuned to the subtler ranges of arms policy discussion.

The question period revealed a still greater distance between the laity and the technicians of armament. Yarmolinsky's face, dark, rapid, ready for engagement, is full of spark and humor. He delights in skirmish, is quick to rebut the naive, sometimes with hints of unquestionable but classified knowledge from the horse's mouth. (In the mock courtroom he joked about hearsay evidence.) He is also quick to spot the lance headed for the theoretical chinks in his armor and to counter it by quick admission. When pressed about the difference, say, between intervening "to prevent a blood bath" in the Dominican Republic and not intervening to prevent a much bloodier one in Indonesia, he shrugged his theoretical shoulders. One can't do everything; there are no formulas, although the State Department had just been rebuked for not working some out. In all, though, Yarmolinsky's wit, energy and confidence were those of the theoretical man turned decision maker; he carried the authority of a wounded veteran in a discussion of heroism.

A student asked him to comment on the present state of what Eisenhower had called the military-industrial complex. Yarmolinsky spent a couple of seconds straightening the question out (the student had said "military-business" complex) and then, his head darting, half-rooster, half-



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squirrel, he erupted into an odd, even angry response. Eisenhower, he said, had always wanted to do what his master, George Humphrey, had said to do, cut the budget, and he'd tried and tried to slice the biggest chunk of that budget, the military, and failed, because it would have been suicidal to succeed, so he made this farewell address in a fit of temper. As to growing military influence on policy, he could answer as Holmes did, commenting on the power to tax being the power to destroy: "Not while I'm on the court." Not, therefore, with the McNamaras and Yarmolinskys in power would the military-industrial complex call the shots.

But some of us in the mock courtroom felt a glacial shift. Had that fearsome complex to which the puzzled, stymied General-President pointed in his farewell gesture recruited and absorbed the Yarmolinskys, the brilliant planners, so many of whose intellectual discoveries had been made within the bounds of arms policy? Yarmolinsky's not unboastful assertions that policy has nothing to do with morality took him into the dark arena where the natural scientists brought forth their fissioned fruit almost twenty-four years and 1 mile from where we sat. Many of them had spent the intervening years regretting the amoral absorption in the cool frenzy of weaponry. One did not feel that there was as much prospect of such late thoughts from the urbane, learned Yarmolinsky and the fellow social scientists who joined him at the bottom of the bowl to offer congratulations. Out in the cold air along the Midway some of us shivered in the suspicion that the military-industrial complex had acquired a most brilliant war head, and that the cannibalistic monster had further effaced itself into the invisible climate of American life.

GEORGIA HAPPENING

# THE ELECTION NOBODY WON

**SYLVAN MEYER**

*Mr. Meyer is editor of* The Daily Times, *Gainesville, Ga., and former chairman of the Georgia Advisory Committee to the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights.*

The courts, the Republicans, the moderates, the city folk and the larger Negro vote have terribly complicated the democratic process in Georgia. You can't be sure any more how an election will come out. You can't even tell *if* it will come out. Georgians went to the polls three times during the political season just past and still haven't elected a governor. Depending on the courts and the General Assembly, which convenes in early January, they may have to cast their ballots twice more.

It used to be that a governor was elected by a plurality in the Democratic primary, with no run-off and no general election to confuse people. Indeed, under the old county unit system, he could be elected by a minority of the popular vote. Now, the voters have chosen not a governor but a legal enigma and no one today can say what the outcome will be.

Since campaigning began in midsummer for the Democratic primary, "conservative," "liberal," "moderate," "Republican" and "Democrat" have been labels sadly confused. There were Democrats for Howard "Bo" Callaway, a Republican; Republicans for Ellis Arnall, a Democrat. Ultraconservatives abandoned a Goldwater Republican, Callaway, to support a better-certified segregationist, Lester Maddox. Some liberal Democrats declared for a far-Right Republican, and spurned a write-in movement for a progressive Democrat, Arnall, in order to save the state from a reactionary Democrat, Maddox.

All this searching of conscience and splitting of hairs has come to climax in a dilemma. Georgia law requires that the governor be elected by a majority, and 57,800 write-in votes for Arnall, plus possible thousands more uncounted, prevented either Lester Maddox or "Bo" Callaway from winning. Although many Georgians look upon the federal courts as the robed army of a new Reconstruction, a majority is probably pleased as well as amused by a situation that may have relieved them of a choice they never wanted and never expected. The knowledge that popular Gov. Carl Sanders will remain in Atlanta until January 10, and probably for at least several weeks after that, has produced a mood of retrospection among the less emotional students of indigenous history.

The current confusion originated in the fact that Sanders could not stand for re-election. Historically a two-faction if not a two-party state, Georgia fears immediate succession in office, and state law provides that a governor aspiring to a second term must wait four years between tries.

Ernest Vandiver, governor from 1958 until 1962, had spun out the 1963-66 interregnum representing the association of railroads and was considered the leading contender in the 1966 campaign. But he suffered a second heart attack last spring and withdrew, leaving his partisans fumbling for a new champion. For a time, it seemed that Sen. Herman Talmadge would step into the role, but after some days of uncharacteristic indecision, he decided to remain in Washington.

With Vandiver out and Talmadge out, the way was open for a general stampede into the Democratic primary. First on the scene was Ellis Arnall, now 59 but still remembered as the boy-wonder governor of the mid-forties who had defeated Gene Talmadge, established an independent board of regents for the university system, and given the vote to 18 year olds. A prosperous attorney, Arnall enjoyed the immediate allegiance of the middle-aged generation and the "liberals." His chief handicap was twenty years of allegations by his political opponents that after serving as governor, he had lectured across the nation on Georgia's pitiful economic and social conditions. Arnall had indeed done



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so but in an effort to correct those conditions, not to ridicule them. As it turned out, he compounded this handicap before the September 14 primary and redoubled it again before the September 28 run-off.

Also tempted by the wide-open lottery of the primary was Lester Maddox, former owner of a fried chicken emporium and now a furniture retailer, a committed segregationist given to flashing wild charges, and a regular advertiser in the Atlanta papers where he had interspersed copy extolling drumsticks and French fries with ultra-rightist and anti-Negro polemics. Maddox's political record included unsuccessful campaigns for mayor of Atlanta and for lieutenant governor.

Press, radio and TV commentators repeatedly identified Maddox as the man "who sold his restaurant rather than serve Negroes," thus inflaming the minds of his followers with an image of heroism, white-supremacy style. In truth, Maddox leased his restaurant when the courts found him in violation of the Civil Rights Act and later sold the building for expansion of the Georgia Tech campus, receiving a sum variously estimated from $190,000 to $250,000. Maddox toured the state in a station wagon, claiming to be a poor boy who had battled his way upward only to be denied the fruits of his success by devilish federal powers; he promised a "bigger, better and safer" Georgia. He had no visible district or local campaign headquarters, and reporters searching for balance in news stories complained that they could never find anyone who would admit being for him.

Next came James Gray, Albany newspaper publisher and TV station owner, former State Democratic Chairman, a transplanted Yankee who had also made himself over into a fiery champion of States' rights, meaning (in the code of the region) that he despised civil rights, the Great Society and the boll weevil. Mr. Gray may be dimly remembered as the man who delivered at the Los Angeles Democratic Convention in 1960 the minority report of the platform committee which attacked the majority's civil rights position.

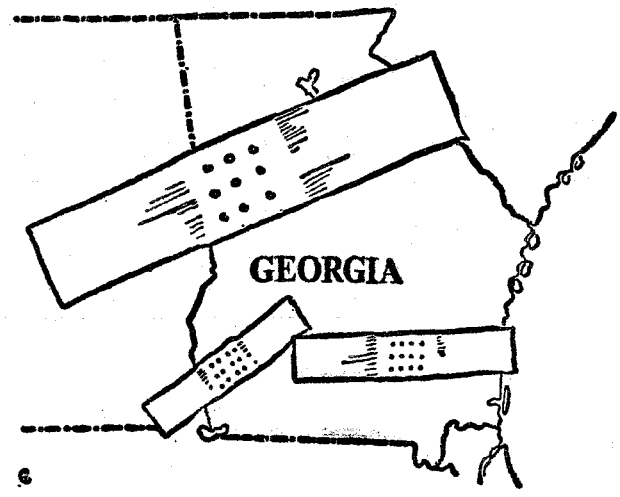
Hoke O'Kelley, a moderately wealthy landowner in his 70s and a perennial candidate, entered the contest for laughs, enjoyed some, and faithfully showed up for TV seminars and fish fries. His personality pleased audiences, but he made no political impression. Garland Byrd, a former lieutenant governor, entered for reasons known only to himself.

And from out of nowhere came a fortyish (but younger-looking) south Georgia gentleman farmer, James Carter, a state Senator with a constructive record in education and none at all in anything else (which was to his advantage, since the others in the race had accumulated extensive demerits with one crowd or another). Senator Carter was discovered, entered and supported by an aware group of citizens generally thought to be close to the Sanders administration; they felt that he was the only Democrat who, having won the primary, could beat the Republican in the general election.

Ever present in the Democratic schemes was the figure of Representative Callaway, Georgia's only GOP Congressman. State law requires nomination by a state-wide primary or, if a party received less than 5 per cent of the vote for governor in the previous election, nomination by petitions signed by 15 per cent of the registered voters. The Republicans accumulated more than 150,000 signatures for Callaway, and it cost the state $7,000 just to certify and count them.

As the Democrats hacked one another to bits in the primary, Callaway taunted them from the side lines. It can be seen in retrospect that Arnall, the favorite, declined steadily in public support. He came through to the public as arrogant and overcertain of victory. He explained little, promised much, and repeated constantly that he would win. After the campaign his closest advisers complained that he would not listen to them.

Carter, building on a campaign that started with ads reading "Jimmy WHO?," gained slowly. No one paid much attention to Maddox except the voters. Barely two weeks




before the primary vote, Stokely Carmichael's black-power-oriented SNCC was identified, whether involved or not, in brief but messy Negro riots in Atlanta. The timing seemed deliberately opposed to Arnall's chances and intensified the desire of the Maddox-minded to "show 'em."

On September 14, Arnall led with 29 per cent of a total vote of 787,952, and Maddox beat Carter by 21,000 for 23.5 per cent. The two moderates together had compiled slightly more votes, 50.3 per cent, than the conservatives. However, moderate unity disintegrated as Carterites accused Arnallites of preventing their man from reaching the run-off, and Arnallites accused Carterites of preventing their man from winning without a run-off. Both sides could see that Carter, whose Lochinvar ride began about two weeks late, would have won easily with just a little more time. Needless to say, this had made Carter a genuine factor in future state politics.

Heading for the September 18 run-off primary, Arnall sat it out in supreme self-confidence, campaigning almost entirely by telephone. Maddox continued his frenetic tours of the state, shaking hands, saying little. Choosing sides should have been easy: Arnall, successful professional, counselor for some of the country's largest corporations, liberal, in tune with the general thrust of national affairs; Maddox, a seller of ax handles and super-patriotic pamphlets, prattler against federal centralism.

But Arnall had issued lacerating attacks on Vandiver



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before the former Governor's heart attack, and these had alienated much of the political power structure. Arnall was known for snatching microphones away from opponents in TV debates, for laughing condescendingly, and for interrupting. He also posted an unfortunate series of billboards, patterned after a famous World War I recruiting poster, in which Arnall's extended finger followed the observer accusingly. One strong Arnall supporter was heard to growl: "If he points that damn finger in my face again, I'll vote Republican."

Unaccustomed to two-party politics, Georgia operates open primaries and has no party registration. Arnall supporters and the Atlanta newspapers accused Republicans of voting in the Democratic run-off for Maddox on the assumption that the bespectacled segregationist would provide an easier target for Callaway. Comparisons of voting totals after the general election indicate that thousands of Republicans did cast ballots for Maddox and without question helped him beat Arnall by a run-off vote of 443,055 (54.3 per cent) to 373,004 (45.7 per cent). But the Republican crossover was only one factor. Arnall had defeated himself.

The Maddox campaign grew more dignified, slicker. His ever-larger newspaper ads proclaimed his shortage of campaign funds, and his signs reading "this is Maddox Country" appeared everywhere. Oddly enough, the statement gained credence, and that perhaps suggests something about Americans' childlike acceptance of slogans.

Arnall remained quiet. Governor Sanders appeared briefly at the Democratic convention in Macon at which Maddox was nominated *pro forma,* scolded those present for deserting to Goldwater in 1964, and departed before Maddox's canonization. Maddox himself departed after giving his acceptance speech to a partly delighted, partly incredulous assortment of 5,000 party faithfuls, and left the lieutenant governor nominee, who had faced no general election opposition and was assured of his post, with a crowd reduced to less than 300. One observer said: "A heavy air of religiosity lay over the convention. A reporter counted the times Maddox was referred to as a 'God-fearing man of God.' More than a dozen."

Some Georgia Democrats, accustomed to a degree of outlandishness in their candidates for various state offices, began to wonder if Maddox possessed qualities they'd not noticed before. Rural counties, sounded out by newspapers before the primary, reported 60 to 70 per cent estimates in favor of Callaway. But with a segregationist and an anti-LBJ Democrat asking for continued loyalty to the party, Callaway had been outflanked. Maddox's primary votes stayed with him.

The Republican Party, though certainly thinner at the grass roots than the Democratic Party, obtains certain advantages in that it operates as a political, campaigning organization in behalf of candidates, while the Democrats, accustomed to primaries that in the past decided conclusively who would take office, operate what is essentially a primary-holding apparatus not even vaguely oriented toward conducting a campaign in support of a ticket. Democratic committeemen conduct primaries and work at the polls for $1 an hour; they leave campaigning to the candidates.

Howard "Bo" Callaway is affable, presentable. A graduate of West Point, he is one of the heirs to a La Grange, Ga., textile mills fortune and runs the Ida Cason Callaway Gardens at Pine Mountain, a resort founded as a nonprofit family project that has contributed appreciably to Georgia's tourist industry. He defeated a conservative Democrat for Congress in 1964 and voted against the Administration on everything from minimum wage increases to demonstration cities.

Back in 1962, Callaway had supported strongly segregationist Marvin Griffin against Carl Sanders in the Democratic primary. In 1964, Callaway became a Republican. In that year, Maddox was also part of Barry Goldwater's 54 per cent victory in Georgia. So much for political labels and party loyalties. In short, both Callaway and Maddox came into the campaign for the November 8 election as ideal candidates for the conservative, small town and rural vote.

But now a third factor entered the general election campaign—a strong movement for a write-in. The sponsors settled on Arnall as their candidate because he had received 370,000 votes and was well known, and because the leaders of the campaign, mostly liberal Atlantans and Negroes active in politics (some officeholders), believed Arnall to be sufficiently disengaged from the mainstream of the party to acquiesce in the unorthodoxy of a write-in. It was generally agreed that Carter, who had boomed out of obscurity to substantial stature, would have been a more popular choice, but it was feared he would disavow the movement. As a matter of fact, he shortly thereafter said he would support the ticket, holding true to an oath signed by all Democratic candidates when they enter the primary: "I pledge that I will support and vote for the state Democratic nominees in the General Election of November 8."

On the issue of this oath, Atlanta's respected Rep. Charles Weltner, winner of his primary fight for a third term, suddenly abdicated, declaring he could not keep his pledge to vote for Maddox: "I cannot compromise with hate." Weltner's withdrawal from the general election ticket brilliantly illuminated Georgia's moral dilemma, underlined the closeness of Maddox's and Callaway's basic philosophies and boosted the Write-In Georgia movement. Nevertheless, Weltner's supporters at home did not unanimously share the national adulation that followed the Congressman's sacrificial act. They felt deprived of representation when it counted most, and thwarted in their strenuous efforts in the primary on his behalf.

From that point until November 8, agonizing indecision reigned in responsible moderate circles. Some leaders toyed with the write-in, hoping a trial-balloon rally would ignite a fire at the grass roots. When no blaze flared, they split, some deciding to stick with the party and others, unable to contemplate voting for Maddox under any circumstances, beginning to discover redeeming features in Callaway. The *Atlanta Journal* endorsed Callaway. The *Atlanta Constitution* analyzed its anguish in a lengthy editorial and wound up unable to endorse either candidate or the write-in. Most smaller dailies, including mine (in an act of rationalization I will still defend), supported Callaway.

The intensity of feeling and interest in the Maddox-



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Callaway battle could not be exaggerated. The forthcoming election provided the only conversational topic in the state, at every level of society. To the people who had played political and civic roles in the constructive Sanders administration and to those who wanted to continue the Sanders era of harmony, both Callaway and Maddox were pure anathema. To them, a vote for either bordered on treason, like deciding between Goebbels and Goering. The theme of Write-In Georgia was: "When you choose the lesser of two evils, you are still choosing an evil."

So bitterly were voters wrestling with the angles in a search for honorable decisions that surprisingly little bitterness arose among supporters of the various positions. The factions appeared to appreciate and sympathize, in the main, with one another's introspective struggle. Typifying the general feeling of disaster that confronted Georgians was Martin Luther King, Sr., father of the civil rights leader, who demanded at a write-in rally that Herman Talmadge be drafted as "the only man who can save the state from Lester Maddox."

It appeared the write-ins could not win. But according to Georgia law, when no candidate receives a majority there will be a run-off, or according to the state constitution (there is a contradiction here to further bedevil the situation), the legislature will decide between the two top men.

Unless Arnall actually won, it was reasoned, the write-in would either deny votes to Callaway or result in Maddox's choice by the predominantly Democratic legislature. But the write-in enthusiasts worked anyway, standing on the high morality of their position, much to the irritation of those who sympathized with their ideals but felt it more moral to see to the defeat of Maddox.

Various theories ran this way. (1) Maddox would be so bad that the extremist syndrome would be over in just four years. (2) Callaway would have the aid of sound leadership, would be more presentable and was a more stable personality than Maddox. (3) A pox on both their houses; Georgia, unlike Alabama and Mississippi, must show the nation its better image. (4) If Callaway were elected, he would establish a conservative Republican regime that couldn't be dislodged in twenty years.

So a state relatively apathetic during the Democratic primary came down to the November 8 vote with tense excitement.

Voting was a mess. The votomatic machines misfired in Dekalb County, a heavily Republican portion of metropolitan Atlanta, and thousands of ballots were voided. The paper ballot itself, larger than a newspaper page, contained more than twenty constitutional amendments, about fifty names of candidates for various offices in the Democratic column, and only three names in the Republican column.

Counting was tedious and five days passed before it appeared that Callaway had edged Maddox with a score of 450,387 to 448,259. Arnall received 57,834 write-ins, or 6.1 per cent, and it was clear early in the tally that he had captured enough city and Negro votes to deny a decision. Nine of the largest ten counties in the state went for Callaway, but Maddox carried most of the 159 counties. Arnall carried one small county. There were hundreds of write-ins for other candidates from Batman to state Senator Carter. The American Civil Liberties Union, the Write-In Georgia forces and the press collected hundreds of instances of irregularities.

With the general election results still bouncing around,



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Write-In Georgia and the ACLU moved to the federal courts to prevent the General Assembly from deciding between Maddox and Callaway. The three-judge panel, forbidding the Assembly to follow the state constitutional provision, the one-man, one-vote rule, noted that the legislature might elect (as it probably would have done) the man who had the fewer popular votes, and left further action to the state.

Georgia Attorney General Arthur Bolton immediately appealed to the Supreme Court. He feels obliged to defend the state constitution, but his intimates say that Bolton, a top-notch lawyer and former legislative leader, is looking for a solution to the election standoff, not merely a vindication of the constitution.

There are two major swing groups in Georgia: one is the liberal-moderate group that, allied with the Negroes, has generally prevailed for almost a decade; the other is the racial ultraconservative group. How these would vote in another run-off is anyone's guess. They might even vote the same way for entirely different reasons.

Sanders, in all eyes ever more the competent and constructive Governor, promised to remain at his post until duly relieved by a legalized successor. He has started work on a budget to present to the General Assembly in January. Supporters of both Arnall and Carter smelled the chance for a new go-round altogether. Sanders' friends discussed the possibility that he might remain in office until the 1968 general election. Sanders did not speculate.

By this time it had occurred to the assorted parties that no one really knew how the November 8 election had come out. At least, officially. The state was, and is, dealing with figures compiled by the news media from county returns. The official results cannot be determined until the General Assembly on January 10 unseals and tallies the ballots (unless the courts order them counted earlier). A lawyer close to Governor Sanders guessed that all suits could be delayed as "premature," and action held up until the legislature convenes. Certainly it would be consistent of the court to leave initiative to the legislature rather than present a solution of its own.

Maddox wants the legislature to designate a governor. He carried the most counties and it is inconceivable to him, as it is to everyone else, that representatives of the counties would vote in the legislature contrary to their home mandate.

Callaway, appearing confident, urges that the people be allowed to elect their governor. His partisans want a run-off between him and Maddox, with write-ins barred. Write-In Georgia warns that any attempt to bar write-ins will face action in federal court; and Georgians, still traditionally Jacksonian in outlook, can't comfortably justify barring write-ins even "if they did mess everything up and waste all the elections so far."

Regardless of maneuvers back and forth in the courts between now and the convening of the legislature in January, the sharpest legal interpretations hold that one of two courses is possible:

(*1*) Either the Supreme Court will uphold the lower court and prevent the General Assembly from electing a governor, or it will reverse the lower court, in which event the legislature will elect a governor and Maddox holds the chips.

(*2*) If the General Assembly is not permitted to elect a governor, it will call a special election. This would open lists to anyone and give Carter a possibility to come in as everyone's compromise candidate.

The statutory date for a run-off general election has passed, and numerous decisions in the General Assembly and courts affirm that unless an election is held at the time and place required by law, it is a nullity. This may well mean that Maddox and Callaway no longer have official candidate status apart from that of any other hopeful. They're campaigning anyway.

Maddox is in tenuous control of the Democratic Party organization, and the prospect of his leadership of the state delegation to the 1968 Democratic National Convention presents another can of worms for Georgia to untangle. Where a Sanders-led delegation backed the national Administration in Atlantic City in 1964, a Maddox group could move even further right than did the intransigent delegation to Los Angeles in 1960. It could—indeed it would—support George Wallace for President if the Alabama Governor's husband decided to run as a loyal Democrat.

How did Georgia, not quite so pure in heart yet not quite so backward as either its boosters or detractors contend, wind up with the miserable choice between Maddox and Callaway? Happenstances of politics aside, it is possible that the effect is being felt from years of unrefuted yammering about alleged federal encroachment on States' rights, loss of liberty, yielding of "freedom" (to prevent other people from having some) and similar mindlessness. It must be faced that the moderate, constructive people in this country have done a poor job of getting their point of view across. They have allowed the pratings of the witless to go unanswered, never believing that such incredible arguments would gather support. Few have been heard defending the policies that over the past few years have increased prosperity, personal income, educational opportunities and individual rights. So the people, made nervous and unsure by negativism, have decided to change. What they think they are changing from has been ineptly defined by its champions; what they are changing to hasn't been defined at all.

When the write-in managed to prevent, at least temporarily, a victory by either Maddox or Callaway, its adherents claimed they had proved that all the drive toward progress wasn't reversed. One stalwart went further than that. It was, he said, "a redemptive act." But the convolutions of political philosophy and the meaning, if any, of Georgia's torment to the national scene are other stories.

Of all sources, the *Georgia Bulletin*, publication of the Catholic diocese of Atlanta, summed it up best in a first-grade primer rewrite:

*See Lester run.*
*See Bo run.*
*See neither win.*
*See Daddy smile.*
*Spot goes bow-wow.*



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# BOOKS & THE ARTS

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**CURT LEVIANT**
*Mr. Leviant teaches Hebraic Studies at Rutgers University, and is a translator and critic of S.Y. Agnon's work. He is the editor and translator of Sholom Aleichem's* Old Country Tales (*Putnam*). *One of his short stories is included in* Best American Short Stories: 1966 (*Houghton Mifflin Co.*).

**S.Y. Agnon in English**

TWO TALES. (*Translated by Walter Lever.*) *237 pp. $4.95.*

IN THE HEART OF THE SEAS. (*Translated by I. M. Lask.*) *128 pp. $3.95.*

DAYS OF AWE. *320 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.95.*

ISRAELI STORIES. *Contains two major Agnon stories.* (*Translated by Walter Lever and Joel Blocker.*) *256 pp. $3.95. Paper $1.95.*

THE BRIDAL CANOPY. (*Translated by I. M. Lask.*) *Coming March, 1967.*

(*All published by Schocken Books.*)

Hebrew and Yiddish literature are unique in that both have flourished over the centuries without geopolitical roots. Whereas in the traditional pattern, nationhood sustains literature, with Hebrew the reverse is true: for the past 2,000 years Hebrew works—both sacred and secular—has sustained the concept of nationhood. Now that Israel exists once more, Hebrew and Israeli literature should presumably coalesce. Although Shmuel Yosef Agnon has lived in Jerusalem since 1924 (he was born in Galicia, Poland, in 1888), he paradoxically is not an Israeli writer in the sense that Faulkner or Sholokhov are American and Russian. Agnon is rather the representative Jewish artist of our time, a Hebrew writer in the universal community of Israel, whose work has little in common with the often cosmopolitan and consciously un-Jewish contemporary Israeli literature.

Most of Agnon's major works were, in fact, composed before the state of Israel was established, and despite the centrality to Agnon's fiction of the land of Israel, the return to Zion, and the spiritual destiny of the children of Israel, the idea of the post-1948 state has little bearing on his work. In this sense, then, Agnon may be said to be a literary expatriate in his own homeland.

For Agnon, writing in Hebrew means writing in *lashon ha-kodesh,* the sacred tongue, and being committed to the nearly 3,500-year-old linguistic and literary tradition of Hebrew letters. In his works, Agnon summons up the entire usable past: Bible, Mishna, Talmud, Midrash, medieval poets and exegetes, liturgy, Hasidic and pious literature, customs, history, folklore—all of which provide him with symbols and metaphors, allusions and associations that enrich his prose and make it transcend its literal meaning.

Perhaps only a few of his works have been translated into English because translating Agnon's Hebrew, with its multitude of associations, references and ironic glances, is an enormously difficult task. The problems are not only linguistic and musical—to convey the sense of classic prose without sounding archaic, and to preserve rhythm and occasional assonance, alliteration and word play—but cultural as well: to transmit the subtle essence of his allusions so crucial to the narrative atmosphere. His theme and stories, however, are by no means as recondite as his allusions. That he has already been translated into sixteen languages is adequate testimony to the power of his narrative. The Nobel Prize will surely increase his readership all over the world and focus attention upon Hebrew literature as well.

Agnon is the literary archivist of Galician Jewry, the preserver of a now destroyed civilization. His works trace the Jewish community from a plateau of spiritual security through its decline in the post-World War I period in Europe, and its simultaneous rise in Palestine. His epic purview and the range of his diversity are displayed in his three major novels, *The Bridal Canopy, A Guest for the Night* and *Days Gone By,* which despite differences in form, tone and treatment, are all to a degree related.

*The Bridal Canopy* describes Reb Yudel and his driver Nuta wandering through early 19th-century Jewish Galicia trying to collect enough alms to dower Yudel's three daughters and, in the process, exchanging countless stories. Depicting these Jews whose world is coherent and complete, Agnon's tone is cheerful and witty, his form elastic: there is time to spin yarn after yarn. In a story-book atmosphere, realism and fantasy are filtered through Agnon's rich imagination; when Nuta's two horses engage in a Talmudic dispute our disbelief is temporarily suspended.

In *A Guest for the Night,* the narrator returns to the city of his youth in the early 1930s and finds it radically altered. Traditional Jewish life is moribund; the synagogue is empty, a shadow of its former glory. The community's spiritual malaise is symbolically reflected by the appearance of people maimed and physically deformed. In contrast to the exuberant fancy of *The Bridal Canopy* and its wholeness, *A Guest for the Night* is a dirge for the fragmented modern Jewish world. At the end of the novel, the narrator, in a pertinent symbolic gesture, takes the key of the synagogue and brings it to the land of Israel, where hope now exists for a dislocated Jewry.

After lamenting exile and waning faith, Agnon turns to Zion. In the panoramic *Days Gone By,* set in Jaffa and Jerusalem of the early 20th century, the novel's hero, Yitzhak Kumer, a fourth-generation descendant of Yudel of *The Bridal Canopy,* migrates to Palestine and realizes the dream Reb Yudel had prayed for. But despite Kumer's *aliya* to the land of Israel, his life is not as spiritually secure as was his great-grandfather's. Though Jews are resettled on the land, they are still not complete, for they lack the faith of Reb Yudel's generation. Agnon's often posed problem concerning the ideal Jewish existence, then, has not been solved: it shifts field, depending upon the reader's and the author's perspective.

*A Guest for the Night* looks back to the old world of faith and forward to the land of Israel. *The Bridal Canopy* appears to provide the answer; but viewed from the retrospective stance of *Days Gone By,* we sense the author's ironic detachment: a halo of legends surrounds former tranquillity. Agnon suggests that Judaism in exile is not complete without Zion, and that Jews in Zion are not complete without faith and Torah (meaning the gamut of traditional Jewish practice). Only the children of Israel thriving with Torah in the land of Israel can create the ideal perfection. But this may only exist in the world of legend and miracles, as it does in "The Tale of a Goat."

Agnon's version of this little Yiddish folk tale is illustrative of his richly textured narrative and symbolic ambience. A she-goat bought by a sick man disap-



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pears every few days, then returns with udders full of milk sweeter than honey. Curious to see where the goat goes, the man's son follows it to a cave and discovers a short cut to the land of Israel. The son arrives on the eve of the Sabbath, sends back the goat (with a note in her ear) and urges his parents to come quickly to the Holy Land. The father assumes that the son has died and that the goat is responsible. He kills the goat and then finds the message. But now it is too late for him to take the magic leap out of exile.

Brief as it is, this carefully wrought story, complete with line of action, problem and resolution, is aligned thematically with Agnon's major works. But Agnon enhances this folk tale and its deceptively simple framework with Biblical verses and conscious manipulation of symbols steeped in traditional Jewish lore. On the literal level the story can be read as a folk legend about a man, his son and an extraordinary goat. On another level—through symbolism, allusion, other-speaking—it portrays the spiritual illness of a Torah-less Diaspora, and the tragic aftermath of those who adhere to a literal, skeptical reality. The story's highest vision is the paradisiac salvation attainable via the surrealistic leap of faith, and the beneficence of Sabbath, Torah and the land of Israel.

Agnon consciously embraced classical Hebrew literature and made it a cornerstone of his art at a time when other Hebrew writers thought it fashionable to reject this tradition for a Western one. However, Agnon's allusions from the mainstream of Hebrew writings do not give a conglomerate effect to his prose. To offer a parallel, his writing would not sound like a mixture of Anglo-Saxon, Chaucerian, Elizabethan and modern English. Since Hebrew was a written language for nearly 2,000 years, rather than one spoken continuously in its native land, it did not undergo the radical changes in grammar, vocabulary, pronunciation and syntax of English—although a Hebrew reader can distinguish the various layers within any literary work. Since the Jews have made the study of their classics a religious duty, familiarity with the literature is expected. It is this fund of shared intellectual and emotional experience that Agnon draws upon and transmutes into art.

In applying a classical idiom to the problem of his theme, Agnon achieves an intriguing contrapuntal effect. The serene prose that limns modern man's spiritual vacillation offers an array of ironies and ambiguities. Despite changes in narrative length, form and theme, Agnon's style has remained constant over the years. He has forged the elements of rabbinic Hebrew (2nd-5th century)—his word choice and prose rhythms are basically those of the Mishna and Midrash—the Hebrew of the Hasidic texts (18th-19th century) and some modern Hebrew into a virtually inimitable linguistic instrument that is both poetic and precise.

One of the most notable phases of Agnon's art has been the symbolic story. These brooding, nightmarish tales take place in a surreal world devoid of laws of time and place, cause and effect, and sometimes even life and death. Here modern man is lost in a maze, frustrated in his pursuit of wholeness. Though many of Agnon's stories show the emptiness of man wrenched from his spiritual foundations, in these dream tales even the seeker of religious fulfillment is thwarted.

Agnon often equates piety with wholeness and disbelief with desolation. Yet the symbolic stories, "Edo and Enam" and "Betrothed" (included in the recently published *Two Tales*), offer an interesting variation. Both of these spellbinding narratives parallel and complement each other; they coruscate with the same devices and themes—the spectrum from eros to theos—that Agnon has explored for the past six decades.

"Edo and Enam" is a despondent tale of a pious hero (here, too, a deformity is symbolic: he is blind in one eye). The story is rich in allusions from Hebrew literature, references to liturgy and devout Jewish communities. But in "Betrothed"—the tale of apparent hope and antipode to "Edo and Enam"—the hero shows no sign of formal religion. Here, Agnon's language is more secular; he alludes infrequently to Jewish classics, more often to Homer, gods and Zeus. Significantly, the story concludes with a re-enactment of a Greek marathon. However, the hint of optimism in the story is provided by a Jewish metaphor. The lovers who have vowed eternal fidelity in "Betrothed" are called Shoshana and Yaakov (Susan and Jacob in the English translation). The fusion of their names, Shoshanat-Yaakov, is a poetic term for the ideal community of Israel. The lovers united in the land of Israel, then, represent the symbolic consummation of the old dream: the people of Israel in the land of Israel.

Shmuel Yosef Agnon, who has delighted two generations of Hebrew readers, is still working vigorously. "If God will grant me long life," he recently told the Swedish Chargé d'Affaires in Jerusalem, "they [the Nobel Committee] will yet see that they did not err in choosing me." At 78, he follows a schedule of writing six mornings a week. His Jerusalem home contains the manuscripts of many meticulously revised stories which have not yet been printed; numbers of brilliant tales and chapters from novels in progress have appeared over the years in Israeli newspapers and periodicals, but have not yet been published in book form.

Because Schocken Books has been providing Agnon with a combination of an annual stipend plus royalties, he has been able to consecrate a lifetime solely to writing and reading, a position which few Hebrew writers enjoy. But Agnon is by no means a public figure. He is neither lecturer, teacher nor critic. He scorns symposia, conferences, conventions, the entire social paraphernalia of the literary life exclusive of the creative act itself.

Besides the works discussed, Agnon has written several shorter novels and hundreds of tales about life in Central Europe, Poland and Palestine, and most recently with the holocaust theme. His total works, honored by Israel's highest literary awards and prizes, comprise eleven volumes, eight of fiction, three of nonfiction. One of the latter is a by now classic anthology, *Days of Awe*, a collection of high holiday legends, customs and stories, drawn from 300 ancient and modern religious texts. This volume is studied prior to and during the Rosh Hashana-Yom Kippur period

## DON CARLOS, SATURDAY AFTERNOON

*Alone! Who does not know the meaning of*
*alone? Granted, there is a world outside,*
*houses and streets are wet,*
*people run in and out of cars.*
*In the story sung on the air*
*each character is in the end alone.*
*A Spanish prince still loves the woman*
*who has become his father's bride.*
*A conquering Court attends the saving*
*of fallen Christians at the stake.*
*Although one hears a lofty gloria,*
*the prince in prison chains cries out,*
*betrayed, he thinks, by the one he loved*
*and by the friend in whom he believed.*

*Does it really help that being alone*
*is one condition shared by all?*
*The drama off-stage is no less complex.*
*Although one may assume that*
*disparate parts that do not always lock*
*in place are woven by a common thread,*
*the burden is not lessened for all that.*
*Not lessened by bewildered heads*
*and muffled cries, nor by the fact*
*that the sky's been agitated all day long,*
*that men in raincoats stumble across*
*slippery roofs, and that the very air*
*is dense with wriggling bacteria*
*which show up under a powerful glass.*

ARTHUR GREGOR



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and has been accorded semi-sacred status by some communities of Jews.

Agnon's frequently quoted statement that he does not read is obviously an ironic pose (as is his supposed naïveté) which journalists cannot penetrate. Agnon's reading is wide; his memory prodigious. He has mastered Hebrew as well as European literature; the former has influenced his language and imagery; the latter his aesthetic form, and he is as much at home with the sages and Hasidic rabbis of Jerusalem as with the free-thinking intellectuals.

Agnon has become a classic in his own lifetime. In his nearly sixty years of writing he has realized that adherence to literary tradition which for Western writers has often been a quixotic ideal. By artistically fusing language and narrative, mythos and theme, Agnon has reconstructed a complete civilization and probed the uncharted areas of the 20th century's riven soul.

# A New England Saint

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSCIENCE. *By Austin Warren. University of Michigan Press. 231 pp. $6.*

NEW ENGLAND SAINTS. *By Austin Warren. University of Michigan Press. 200 pp. $3.75.*

**SHERMAN PAUL**

*Mr. Paul is professor of English at the University of Illinois. His most recent book is* Edmund Wilson: A Study of Literary Vocation in Our Time (*University of Illinois Press*). *He is also the author of* Louis Sullivan: An Architect in American Thought (*Prentice-Hall*).

It is not the unassuming character of these small companion volumes but their quality of scholarship that accounts, I think, for their having been insufficiently noticed. Certainly they merit the closest attention. Their author is an eminent critic whose substantial earlier work is current and formative in graduate literary study, and the books themselves treat matters of central importance to the understanding of American character and experience. Unlike most works of scholarship, however, they are direct; they confront and testify. For the deepest source of their scholarship is in the scholar who, as he says of Emerson the self-therapist, addresses the New England in himself and has assimilated and earned his tradition by writing about what he needs to sustain him.

Although they are historical in scope and biographical in nature, richly learned yet spare in exposition, these books are also autobiographical (they give us the author more than any of his books) and personal (intended to reach out, touch, confer). Such fruit of scholarship is the true harvest of a life notable for the virtues of love, care and wisdom. In these books one encounters the teacher so conspicuous in the annals of New England, one of "the literary inciters to the good life."

The good life with which Austin Warren is concerned is the abundant life of the spirit fulfilled in joy. Bravery of spirit is demanded to achieve it, and those who strive to do so are "saints": "My saints are, none of them, canonized; but they are, whether priests, and of whatever 'communion,' men I recognize, and celebrate, as those to whom reality was the spiritual life, whose spiritual integrity was their calling and vocation." This vocation, clearly, involves the urgent conscience—in fact, the books, *The New England Conscience,* published this year, and *New England Saints,* originally published in 1956 and currently available, are joined in the first paragraph of *New England Saints,* where we are told that the New England character "owed obedience first to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; then to Duty, 'stern daughter of the voice of God,' with conscience as relentless director." In *A Recognition of Austin Warren,* recently published by his students at the University of Michigan, he says: "To be born a lamb —do you call that a saint? We have dragons, lions, and tigers in ourselves."

*New England Saints* is a hagiography designed for instruction and edification. Some of the essays in it were first printed in the 1930s, but the book has the intrinsic unity of the author's constant interest and the formal unity of comment by various saints on one another. It includes studies of the early New England poets and parsons, and of such prominent figures (spiritually representative men) as Alcott, Emerson, Father Taylor, the elder Henry James, Charles Eliot Norton, Irving Babbitt and John Brooks Wheelwright. It also covers the large spiritual movements of four centuries.

The essays have various excellences: that, for example, on the 17th-century poets is a fine summary appreciation of the poetry, and especially its Baroque aspects; that on Alcott is unusually fair and responsive; and those on Babbitt, under whom Warren sat, and on Wheelwright, whom he knew, are generous, because perceptive and exact tributes. Other essays—with *The New England Conscience* in hand, and on second reading—have the force of prefiguring later themes and of speaking profoundly for the author. The essay on the orthodox parsons (neo-Calvinists like Emmons and Hopkins, the "intellectual sons" of Edwards) celebrates a life of learning, ability and goodness, a laborious life not unlike the academic life that Austin Warren has lived. He says of Emmons: "Instead of seeking preferment to Andover or Boston, he educated and saved Franklin, Massachusetts" (this recalls his self-characterization as "an apostle to the midwest"), and when he explains the continuity of teacher and disciple and the way in which the parsonage served as seminary, one remembers his regard for students as "seminarians," young people to be ordained, if found worthy, in "the literary priesthood."

The essay on Emerson portrays a mind like his own, psychologically acute, unacademic, fearless; and the central point of the essay—that "Emerson learned to bear his frailties tolerantly"—looks ahead to one of the lessons of *The New England Conscience.* The essay on the elder Henry James expresses the author's need "to surrender myself to my fellows, and lose myself in the Lord"; that on Norton, an "apostle to the gentiles," his awareness of responsibility to the community and belief that the "higher" is always the more liberal education; and that on Father Taylor, the most genial and anecdotal, his wish to speak "the truth in love" and be "full of joy in the Lord."

*The New England Conscience* is a manual of conscience and a critique of an entire culture—an argument with the conscience that was one source of its strength, which the author has personally relied on yet knows must be tempered. Like

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*New England Saints* its lessons apply to contemporary life, both public and private. It has a tighter formal unity, for the essays, written for this purpose, are "case histories," in a double sense, of the pathological or sick conscience. The book charts the change from suffering for conscience, as in the instances of such men of action as Bradford, Winthrop and Garrison (a throwback in this respect), to suffering from conscience, as in the early instance of Wigglesworth, and in those cases described, not necessarily suffered, by such 19th-century authors as Hawthorne, Henry James and Mary Wilkins. Or one might better say that the book pursues the sick conscience, that fussy, overexacting, scrupulous, dutiful servant of Moral Law; and tries to educate it by making it responsive and responsible to consciousness.

Austin Warren is himself a spiritual director of the kind he praises in the essay on Fénelon (*New England Saints*). Among his prescriptions, inevitably general here, are the following directed to an ethics of possibility. Duty is overcome by assimilating it to the requirements of vocation, by willingly making it one's own —in F. H. Bradley's words, "my duties on the *inside* answer to due functions on the outside." The conscience is "unhealthy and unhistorical" when it separates itself from "ritual and communal regulations" and doesn't sufficiently respect the outer, for it needs the support of community, the continuity and moral heritage of human history. An imperative need, enjoined by Baron Friedrich von Hügel, is to "move out of yourself, let in God." And especially now, when the New England conscience has survived its earlier functions, its health requires "pleasure, graciousness, joy, love."

Generous with others, Austin Warren is not so generous with himself. He knows that scrupulosity is "partly disease, partly sin"—the sin of pride—and for himself he cannot be satisfied with the "good temporary therapeutic" of humanistic ethics. Of Bradley's ethics, which is his example, he says: "the transcendental, the romantic, the heroic, the religious aspects of ethics have disappeared." The difficulty, and grandeur, of his own moral striving is represented in his attitudes toward Jonathan Edwards, the most saintly and revered of his saints and the prime mover of both books. He admits that Edwards' notion of virtue is not ordinary but supernatural and demands a superhuman effort, yet Edwards' "disinterested benevolence" is what he most desires to achieve —a moral goal, that of all writers on Edwards, he best enables us to understand. He speaks, in the essay on Fénelon, of his own need "to become really humble" and to "love God for Himself alone"; and both books function for him as a discipline of love.

Like Fénelon, who was "spiritualized by adversity," Austin Warren has written books whose effect, with gentleness, is "to humble the intellectually proud and to make all learning nothing save as it ministers to spiritual growth." His religion is ecumenical; his faith, as he says of Hawthorne, is in "'accepting the universe'—in humility, in loyalty to persons and principles, in love." Spirit and love, the fullness of being, radiate these books which livingly transmit a heritage and give that increase, always rare, "of real wealth, of culture, of character, of influence."

# Burke's Other Life

TOWARDS A BETTER LIFE: Being a Series of Epistles, or Declamations. *By Kenneth Burke. University of California Press. 219 pp. $4.95.*

**WILLIAM H. RUECKERT**
*A professor of English at the University of Rochester, Mr. Rueckert is the author of* Kenneth Burke and the Drama of Human Relations *(University of Minnesota Press) and* Glenway Wescott *(Twayne).*

Kenneth Burke is one of our great native speculative thinkers. He is an authentic Yankee and belongs, as George Knox has obliquely suggested in his book on Burke, to the Emersonian tradition. Though Burke has mysteriously refused, for nearly ten years now, to release *A Symbolic of Motives,* a book that may well rank with Northrop Frye's *Anatomy of Criticism* as one of the few original works of literary theory to be written in English since World War II, he has not been inactive or quiet. He has lectured and taught all over the country; he has been to the Center for Advanced Studies in the Behavioral Sciences; he has written a great variety of essays which have been published in journals representing many disciplines; he has had one new book published, *The Rhetoric of Religion* (1961), and another, *Language as Symbolic Action,* this season. Two or three of his other projects are now in the works.

Burke has also been getting back into print, and the occasion for this review is the republication, after thirty-five years, of his novel *Towards a Better Life.* One is grateful to the University of California Press for making it available again not only because of its intrinsic worth, which is considerable, but because it will make better known Burke's often forgotten, even unknown, other life.

In addition to this novel, Burke's other creative works include: *The White Oxen and Other Stories* (1924); *Book of Moments: Poems 1915-1954* (1955); "The Anaesthetic Revelation of Herone Liddell" (1957), a long story published in *The Kenyon Review*; "Prologue in Heaven" (1961), a play which serves as the epilogue to *The Rhetoric of Religion*; a second book of poems, which will probably be published in 1967; and numerous unpublished (often unwritten) songs. As is often the case with things written away from the center of a man's major achievement, these works are very important to Burke. They are serious, necessary endeavors—symbolic acts in Burke's sense of representative and therapeutic verbal action. Burke has said, for example, that he wrote many of his poems so that he could locate and analyze his own image clusters; and both the novel and the long story clearly derive from, record, and fictionally cope with traumatic events in Burke's life. They reveal Burke in a way that the critical, speculative books do not; and the later works, especially, remind one constantly of the fundamental, cranky humanity and earth-rootedness of Burke and his system.

Burke belongs to what is now a well-established American tradition: an experimental, often dissenting, counter-thrusting tradition which, since Emerson, has given American literature one of its distinctive characteristics. Like Conrad Aiken's *Ushant,* for example—Burke's novel has a strange, mixed form. It is a lyric novel which consists, as the subtitle says somewhat contrarily, of epistles or declamations. But the epistles are all unsent letters and the declamations are self-addressed oratory. In one sense, then, the whole book runs counter to the subtitle and reverberates with a profound and deliberately achieved irony of effects. The style is rational, elegant and civilized—almost 18th century—a tour de force in the pure creation of effects, as if the book were merely a technical exercise in virtuoso performance. But Burke's manner is a kind of masquerade, a dance of artifice, which masks a grotesque inner life of great violence and brutality. This dialectic of doubleness is everywhere evident in the novel: in the title; in the divided self of the protagonist, John Neal; in the paired opposites of men (John Neal and Anthony) and women (Florence and Genevieve); in the two basic settings; and in



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the irony of counter-effects mentioned above.

From the language of doubleness, then, must come the terminology for any full discussion of *Towards a Better Life*. Polarity, punning, dialectic, otherness, transitional, role playing, acting, drama, irony, ambivalence, ambiguity, paradox, division and rebirth—these are some of the terms one would have to use to apprehend and render the substance and specific life of this lyric novel. Such completeness is not possible in a review; all I can aim for is a brief hortatory rendering of what Burke might call the "gist" of the book.

The novel is about John Neal's progress toward a better life, about his movement away from one kind of self, which is negative and clearly defined, and toward another kind of self, which is positive and only vaguely hinted at. At the center of the novel, controlling the logic of its development, is a purgative and incipiently redemptive pattern of experience. What must be purged are those things in John Neal which make him unable to obey the imperative punningly contained in his name. Burke drives John Neal through a series of terrible reducing experiences, burns him down until all of Neal's other selves have been seared off, and some basic irreducible core remains. It is a painful process and brutal in its cumulative effect. The title seems to have only a cruel, mocking bearing upon the material being presented, until, in the last three chapters, John Neal kneels—spontaneously recognizes otherness—and is ready for the rebirth which will enable him to begin moving toward a better life.

As I read it, this is what the novel is about. However, the form of the last chapter—entitled " 'Testamentum Meum' *Jottings*"—is such that another plausible interpretation is possible. Many of these jottings begin without capitals and are fragments of thoughts. They suggest by their form that, to quote two of them, John Neal is "lapsing into the unformed" and that he is considering "death by one's own hand." Though there is no specific overt suicide to resolve the plot, the last sentence of the novel ("Henceforth silence, that the torrent may be heard descending in all its fullness") suggests that John Neal is speaking of an ultimate silence. According to this other view, then, the logic of the inner form of the novel is not reversible and requires that John Neal go mad and/or commit suicide. (The ending is ambiguous enough to permit either or both readings.) John Neal is thus punished for his sins of pride, and both they and the character enacting them are completely eliminated by Burke. This, of course, leaves a great emptiness at the end; John Neal can then only be understood as a negative example of the title, and the novel as a whole must be understood, somewhat ironically, as pointing the way toward a better life by showing one how not to get there. I have always preferred (and the evidence supports it) the other more hopeful (and Burkean) reading in which the character is retained so that the title may be applied directly to the possibility of John Neal's renewal.

Burke wrote this novel at a time of deep personal trouble and at a point of change in his own development. This, too, is in the novel and gives it another kind of doubleness. Thoughtful readers in 1966 are too sophisticated—thanks in part to Burke—to take the novel solely upon its own terms or to heed too seriously Burke's pronouncement in the "Preface to Second Edition" that "in the last analysis, a work of art is justified only insofar as it can give pleasure." Burke's whole critical system, which liberated so many of us from the emptiness of aesthetic dilettantism, instructs us otherwise. No man is really willing or able to put himself into a systematic critical work in quite the same way as he will put himself into a fiction because the disguises of fiction make certain things possible which are otherwise unthinkable. What we have in *Towards a Better Life*, then, is an entrance into an early phase of Burke's other life, where one encounters an early and other self of great complexity: the actor who later formulated dramatism, the rhetorician who later became the rhetor, the stylist who later became rather less readable, the artist who became critic. It it a pleasure to have those presences with us again.

# Games of the Poet

RIVERS AND MOUNTAINS. *By John Ashbery. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 62 pp. $3.50. Paper $2.45.*

**STEPHEN KOCH**
*Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.*

John Ashbery's *Rivers and Mountains* brings to maturity the work of an important modern poet who hasn't yet been given anything like the attention he deserves. Ashbery is a difficult poet: though he always seems to be talking about something specific, we never know quite what it is, and though his quick, unexpected shifts from tone to tone, feeling to feeling, always seem to have their own necessity, this necessity is never explained in the customary ways. These new poems are less opaque than his earlier work, but they remain a fusion of the hermetic and the obvious; their syntax is disjoined; their rhythms, though at a new level of development, are slippery, underplayed, and even confusing; their language is indulgently lush, and yet oddly reflective and dispassionate. All this has gotten him classed with the *avant-garde*. But the fact is that Ashbery's delicately sophisticated manner bewilders almost everyone. Except for a group of young poets in New York, among whom he's currently much in vogue, his work is scarcely acknowledged.

Ashbery has written two other books: *Some Trees*, a collection written under the influence and patronage of Auden, and *The Tennis Court Oath*, which comes as something of a jolt after the suave polish of *Some Trees*. Less than half its poems are intelligible in any ordinary sense, and even these—which rather mock the influence of Auden—are packed with lines like "when he'd had he would not had he of" that jump off the page like a screech of static. About the other poems in *The Tennis Court Oath*, one can say only that

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some are more unintelligible than others. It seems the book was written partly under the influence of the theories of both collage and action painting—Ashbery is also an art critic. Thus, the book's longest but by no means best poem, "Europe," is interlarded with passages chosen at random from what appears to be a boy's adventure novel. (Has anyone ever noticed that the sentence structure of the late Franklin W. Dixon, creator of the Hardy Boys, is exactly that of most pornography, rippling as they both do from one adjectival thrill to the next?)

Thus, though his style is scarcely "spontaneous," Ashbery follows the action painters at least to the extent of claiming for the process of finding his own poetic voice a value quite distinct from the value of the results, "as art." Though "Europe" has moments of a scrappy, lost, but real beauty, it is unsatisfactory as a poem—it is in fact hardly a poem at all, but the poetic notebook of a man living in Europe, cut off from the nourishment of spoken English, and trying to keep the tonalities of the language fresh in his ear despite this impoverishment. As such, the poem shows a certain strength of purpose: that of a poet who will use only language that's still alive for him, and who is—like the disenfranchised deputies who vowed not to give up until they had a constitution—standing firm in the midst of confusion, scavenging the rubbish of language in search of a voice.

The progressively disintegrating poetic in *The Tennis Court Oath* inconclusively records this search. The completed works of art in *Rivers and Mountains* vindicate it. The book's first poem —which I think can be read as Ashbery taking stock of himself—announces with unexpected determination:

*Much of your time has been occupied*
*by creative games*
*Until now, but we have all-inclusive*
*plans for you.*

In their rather precious context, these lines are startling because they declare a determination to rise to a level of artistic seriousness that Ashbery otherwise keeps hidden behind a veil of playfulness and arcane self-indulgence. He is among a group of artists—it includes Raymond Roussel and Ronald Firbank—who never quite seem fully serious about their plainly serious art. Like them, hiding things is one of his themes; like them, he loves the convoluted, the cryptic and the frivolous. He builds his toy crystal palaces with enormous care, but at any moment they are likely to come tinkling down, poked in by an attack of his quiet petulance. One poem in *Rivers and Mountains* is only a vehicle for the name of every river the poet can think of. And yet this principle of play and concealed intentions —which in the earlier work often seems to be merely a game—has been given a certain profundity in *Rivers and Mountains.*

*Each moment*
*Of utterance is the true one; likewise none are true,*
*Only is the bounding from air to air, a serpentine*
*Gesture which hides the truth behind a congruent*
*Message. . . .*

This odd, delicately evasive sense of the poetic "moment" and its intensity—"that drenched every instant of that being"—lifts Ashbery's work into the realm of true seriousness. Ashbery's commitment to the "moment" is never abrupt; he is never intense in the obvious sense; he will never give you a bang. Instead he plays the force of a momentary intensity against the slow rhythms of meditation and extraordinarily nuanced turns of feeling. His effects are cumulative; it is sometimes amazing what forceful "moments" he is able to generate from the webby substance of the poems. The sudden "drench" of feeling that makes his work so strong is slowly prepared, and it is especially strong for being so underplayed, as it is in this typical ending:

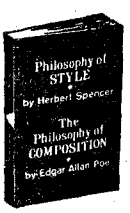
*I prefer you in the plural. I want "you,"*
*You must come to me, all golden and pale*
*Like the dew and the air.*
*And then I start getting this feeling of exaltation.*

I don't know of any other contemporary poet who can draw out so elegantly and to such length what are, after all, only isolated eruptions of momentary lyric intensity. Among other things this enables him to write what few moderns can write: long poems that can be taken seriously. Easily the best poem in *The Tennis Court Oath,* "How Much Longer will I be Able to Inhabit the Divine Sepulcher . . ." already gives promise of this, even more than does the longer "Europe." It moves tentatively through numerous idioms: from what sounds like an early Romantic trying to imitate the Elizabethans, to the talk of little boys hiding under the porch, to an attempt at self-explanation, to alternately raw and veiled decadence, and ending with a sudden consolidation of them all:

*Am I wonder,*
*Strategically, and in the light*
*Of the long sepulcher that hid death and hides me?*

*Rivers and Mountains* contains a long poem as extraordinary as "Europe" is questionable, even though it is something of a companion piece to "Europe." "The Skaters" seems to me the most successful long poem written by an American since Berryman and Lowell wrote theirs. But it is entirely different from the work of these older men. They both relied on narrative to keep things going; both used the rather narrow idiom of an ordinary monologue. Now, there are some elements of narrative in "The Skaters": the poet is considering taking a trip, and he goes on vacation; he talks about his "exile" in Europe and the life of Americans in Paris.

But what happens is entirely secondary to Ashbery's extended, discontinuous meditation on himself, his art, and on the problem of writing a long poem—that is, on the problem of sustaining an intuition through a long process of abrasion in "reality," of maintaining an emotion through the complicated activity of ordering it, exploring it, and bringing it to permanence. And in this poem, Ashbery is far more the virtuoso of language than the older men are; his touch is infinitely lighter. To be sure, he does not explore his idiom as systematically as they do, but what he lacks in system he gains in his astounding swiftness of modulation and his unfailing sensitivity to the odd, unexpected language and rhythms that best fit the constantly changing webs of feeling that the poem brings to order. And this same lightness allows him to bring an astonishingly large and totally disparate array of images into simultaneous focus. There is nothing else in English like it—Allen Ginsberg's comparison of Ashbery to Pope will hardly suit so romantic a sensibility. "The Skaters" and the rest of *Rivers and Mountains* put John Ashbery among the finest poets now writing.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# THEATRE / Harold Clurman

A sort of home-team spirit has developed among us in regard to the APA-Phoenix Theatre. The APA (The Association of Producing Artists) has maintained its permanent company under Ellis Rabb since 1960, the greater part of its career having wisely been spent outside New York. It was adopted here by the Phoenix Theatre which since 1953 has struggled to establish a popular price organization committed to the presentation of worth-while, chiefly standard, "classic" plays. The joint venture endeared itself to the public with its productions of *Man and Superman, War and Peace* and most emphatically with *You Can't Take It With You.*

Now the APA returns to the Lyceum Theatre with two items from its "old" repertory: *The School for Scandal* and Pirandello's *Right You Are.* The town—particularly the daily press—has acclaimed them. In part this may be construed as an oblique rebuff to the upstart and more pretentious Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center whose productions at the Vivian Beaumont have thus far failed to please. A more legitimate reason for the APA's advancement is that its essentially modest performances are pleasantly within the scope of its company's capacities, as well as within the audience's comprehension. (Shaw, for example, is by now more acceptable than Brecht; a schematized Tolstoy and an ever-agreeable Kaufman are easier to take than Büchner or Sartre.) So if New York is to have a repertory company—one that has worked faithfully while enduring neglect, one moreover that has risen from obscurity—the APA must be the public's and the press's choice. What else, after all, is there?

*The School for Scandal* is a perennial delight. Its theme—the pleasures, absurdities and bloodshed of gossip in polite society—is ever fresh. Its writing sparkles with canny good humor, its spirit is wise, its construction solid.

The APA production begins dully; it grows livelier as it proceeds, but there is a lack of real zest, of effervescence, throughout the first half. The settings are on the drab side, the costumes generally unbecoming. Very little of the acting is bad but the only bit of ingratiatingly sustained playing is done by Keene Curtis as Sir Oliver Surface. We hear all the text except when Dee Victor, in an effort to keep up the required rapidity of delivery, becomes indistinct. There are cute though slightly hokey pieces of stage business in Ellis Rabb's direction and acting.

At the outset, Rosemary Harris as Lady Teazle forces her characterization too much. (This may have been due to opening-night tension.) In the later scenes her natural charm and soothing sense of fun make amends for our initial discontent. Helen Hayes gives us Mrs. Candour, the bitch of the bevy, rather more like a provincial American housewife than a lady of 18th-century London high society—a society which was literally "select" because it constituted a very confined circle immersed in a sea of filth.

Despite my reservations I was pleased to see Sheridan's play once more. It shines on Broadway today like a good deed in a wicked world.

The audience's taste for the APA's program is best illustrated by *Right You Are.* Written in 1917, the play was first produced with Edward G. Robinson in New York by the Theatre Guild some time in the twenties. It was thought to be esoteric, and for that reason was presented at first at special matinees only.

The audience today consumes it like candy. The production is thoroughly lucid: each point is neatly made, each movement, gesture, characterization in Stephen Porter's direction well defined. The setting by James Tilton is pleasantly trim and the acting altogether without ambiguity. This is Pirandello without pain.

*Right You Are* (or literally translated from the Italian *It Is So, If You Think So*) is a comedy, but a Pirandello comedy. It plays an intellectual game with a story wrought from anguish. Its philosophic purport is that we cannot know one another, we cannot arrive at the truth in any matter involving the individual mind. We hardly know the truth even about ourselves. Every person sees us in a different light and we remain unknown to ourselves not only because we are in a state of constant change but because we assume different masks for social convenience.

This thought is no longer vitally impressive, but Pirandello was the first to dramatize it—most brilliantly in *Six Characters in Search of an Author.* He was the first in the theatre to split the atom of the human personality so that in a sense *character,* a coherent whole with its own inner logic, dissolves.

Pirandello wrote play after play on this theme, most of them intriguingly ingenious, a few of them so strained that they verge on tedium. What holds one's interest most of the time is the melodramatic and necessarily unresolved mystery that Pirandello unfolds. From this dramatic pattern and its concomitant psychologic conundrum he wrings a kind of bitter mirth. The Pirandello "trick" might not engage us if it were not for the subjective suffering from which the pattern emerges. This combination of elements makes Pirandello the pioneer in modern drama of the "tragic farce," the precursor of theatre of the absurd.

No production which fails to retain this duality in Pirandello's work can be said fully to represent him. The APA eliminates the play's hysteria and thus reduces it to the grasp of a simple-minded audience. It is flattered by its easy absorption of a "metaphysical" play which has now become a sort of witty suspense show.

In this vein, the production is entirely satisfying. Helen Hayes follows the director's line loyally and expertly; Sydney Walker is more convincing here than in any of his previous roles. But neither stirs in us anything beyond a respectful assent. There are no surprises: Donald Moffat is crisp, Patricia Conolly is sharp, Anita Dangler in a bit part is funny. A sense of cordial give and take ("ensemble") prevails.

*Cabaret* at the Broadhurst is a show stunning in its ugliness. Based on John van Druten's *I Am A Camera,* itself the dramatization of one of Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories,* it is intended to provide a musical comedy impression of the atmosphere of that town shortly before Hitler's advent.

It was a decadent period and *Cabaret* purposes that we enjoy the spectacle of that decadence. This is not a misconceived plan, for no matter what we may think of it now, Berlin of the late twenties and early thirties was glamorous. What decayed was an active, complex, sophisticated, cultivated and feverish society. Decay has an aura and where its ingredients are as humanly rich as they were in Berlin the aura glows in hectic hues of an infernal allure. The period produced Erwin Piscator, Ernst Toller, Bertolt Brecht, Georg Grosz, Hanns Eisler,


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Kurt Weill, Ernst Lubitsch, Emil Jannings, Marlene Dietrich and a host of other artists, actors and entertainers whose various poisons gleamed in the night, smacking of heady and honied wickedness.

The authors of *Cabaret*—book by Joe Masteroff, music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb—had a mine of material to steal from. (The creative artist is always a prime plagiarist.) But *Cabaret* does not afford even a parody of the period. Its tone approximates that of *Sweet Charity*, which has made something of a real style of Broadway jingle-jangle. In *Cabaret* very little is successful beyond the box office. Its decadence is the thinnest sort: that of our night clubs.

Sally Bowles and her lover (now an upright, normal American) become in *Cabaret* subsidiary in interest to the honest landlady (an incipient Nazi in van Druten's play) and a gentle Jewish storekeeper. The lyrics, except possibly for the first one, *Welcome* (in a medley of languages), are flat, the score gratifies the ear momentarily only when it quotes from old German tunes, the choreography is ineffective except in its occasional grotesquerie, abetted by Joe Grey as the M.C. "*Les* girls" have been chosen with an eye to their thighs rather than to any other portion of their person.

The fabled Lotte Lenya, our heiress of the period, would still be good if she had occasion to display her own tart contemptuousness, but as the benevolent landlady she must act "nice" and though she never loses her directness this quality alone is not sufficiently fascinating. Jack Gilford, always engaging because of his innocence, has a role without much humor, and humor is the greater part of his gift. Bert Convy sings acceptably. Jill Haworth plays Sally Bowles. In the original, Sally was a pathetic and shockingly spoiled waif in deliberate flight from the stuffiness of English respectability. Miss Haworth is brassy. But in shiny black décolleté her back is beautiful: credit where credit is due.

The triumph of the evening is Boris Aronson's scenery, greatly enhanced by Jean Rosenthal's lighting. He seems to have done the work that should have been done by the whole production staff: writers, director, choreographer, cast. His central setting, the cabaret, is a hot spot, burning in low flame within walls of intimate and insidiously suggestive red, surrounded by the sickly window lights of a depressed town. The boarding house and particularly the friendly Jew's fruit shop breathe a cozy air; they are a little tired looking, quaintly tender with a love of homely beauty which barely recognizes its modest appeal. Boris Aronson's work is never mere ornament; his designs are in themselves a text.

Still the fact remains that *Cabaret* invites us to enjoy what it presumably aims to mock and denounce. This makes for a show which, to use the title of one of its numbers, is (in the Yiddish for the thoroughly unattractive) a *Meeskite*. All that remains to be said is that judging by the applause and the full houses at $12 for an orchestra seat, the audience is enraptured.

Here is a paradox: I couldn't for a moment "believe" in *Cabaret*, which deals with supposedly serious matters, but I "believed" the nonsense of Woody Allen's *Don't Drink the Water* at the Morosco. The latter is an anecdote about a caterer and his family from Newark on a visit to a small Communist country. It takes place in an American embassy considerably less "real" than a military musical. How then can I speak of "believing" in such light-headed stuff?

There are funny lines and situations which spring from the reality of odd-ball, carefree, boozy conviviality. Let us tell jokes, helter-skelter. If one of them flops —and a number of them do—we tell another to compensate for the brief lull. Thus: "Years of insanity," shouts the exasperated caterer at the play's frazzled juvenile, "have driven you crazy."

Lou Jacobi speaks such lines as if his life depended on them. For him they contain the most profound truth. He is convinced that their genial foolishness will make life worth living! Thus he wins us. Beside him stands his dryly tolerant but never conceding spouse, played with impassive, nasal tenacity by Kay Medford. The always inept and therefore thoroughly likable ambassador's son, disastrously devoted to diplomatic maneuvers, is engagingly played by Anthony Roberts. If you are prepared to spend a goofy evening at the theatre, *Don't Drink the Water* will serve. It made me laugh on the *right* side of my face.

## UPON SEEING A FRIEZE OF GREEK MARBLES

*They ride their hard bodies through the stone,*
*Their eyes scooped out, and mouths heavy*
*With a shattered stillness. An ocean of bitter*
*Sunlight has been hungry for them. The brown*
*Marble whose life they are, has fought them*
*Like a need to kill these riders trapped*
*Inside it, with their cold survivals that*
*Trail over the earth.*

*Men ride into the stone*
*Who have outlived their gods; and this life*
*That flows through me like a hungry gift*
*Follows them in the dream, in search*
*Of that image that will gather it in,*
*As a woman takes the closed body of her man,*
*And makes it sing.*

PAUL ZWEIG

# ARCHITECTURE / ERVIN GALANTAY

*Mr. Galantay is an associate professor in architecture at Columbia University and practices as a consultant in urban design.*

There are few spaces of urban character—as distinct from parks—in this country where one can sit in the sun unassailed by the stench and noise of automobiles. New York's Rockefeller Plaza comes to mind and it is often cited as a phenomenon, possible only in a city with millions of people.

But sitting on the Plaza of Lake Anne Village in tiny Reston, Va., can be equally satisfying. The visual setting is rich and varied. A curved wall of town houses and shops hugs a space focused on an amusing walk-in fountain. One end of the space opens to a calm body of water confined by steps, quays, boat landings, and the eye glides along more row houses to come to rest on a 15-story tower. The tower complements the widening of the lake, which itself sports a 50-foot water jet that recalls Geneva and other cherished memories. Lake Anne is one of seven villages planned for Reston, the New Town of developer R. E. Simon, that lies 18 miles west of Washington, and close to the monumentally dead Dulles Airport.

It is axiomatic that an urban space is successful if its shape and scale elements encourage the casual convergence of peo-



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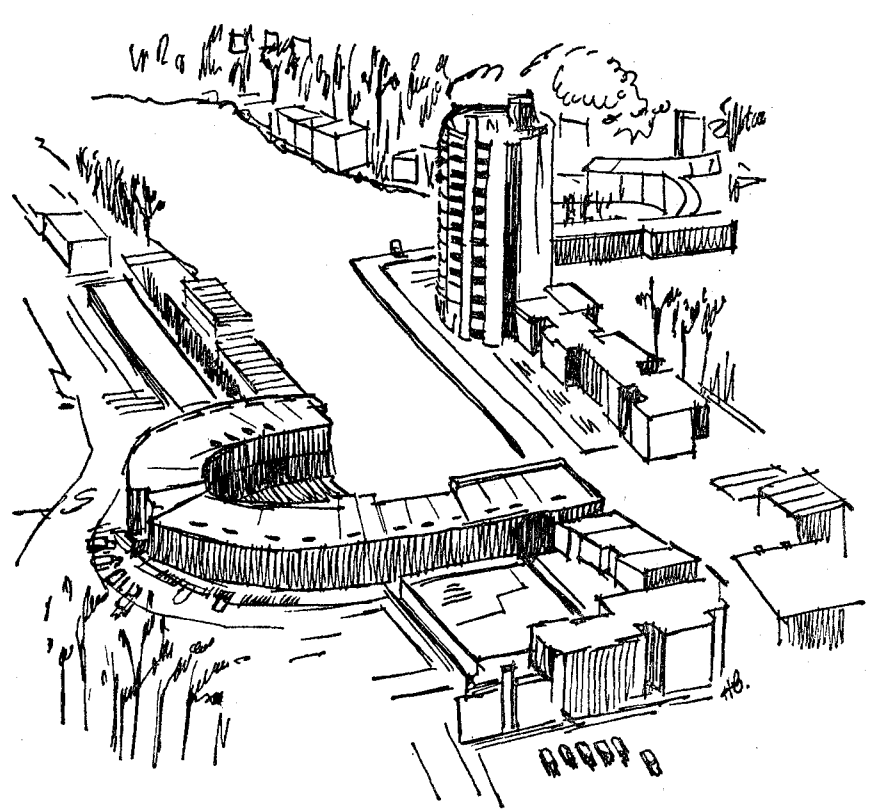
ple and stimulate spontaneous interaction. Such a space provides a "theatre" in which people are both spectators of activities and are seen as actors by others. This reversible actor-audience relationship is one of the secrets of "urbanity" and fulfills a basic psychological need often ignored in discussion between the champions of the efficient city and the formalists. The dearth of such urban spaces is one of the shortcomings of the bedroom-suburbs, one reason for their dullness.

Last summer I was sitting on Lake Anne Plaza, enjoying my drink and taking stock of the visual elements that provide a complete pattern book for urban designers. The space was well used. Handsome young people passed, entered shops or pulled boats along the basin. Chairs under umbrellas were filled with tourists, including Washington bureaucrats entertaining minor foreign statesmen. It seemed incredible that all this activity could occur in the center of a village with an actual population of little more then 1,000 people. Seeing my notes, a jovial man came up and introduced himself as a builder who was putting up a "regular kind" of subdivision not far from Reston. He wanted to know whether I intended to buy a home in the area. In return I asked him what he thought of Reston. He confided that he comes mainly to check on Simon's sales. The architecture made him uncomfortable. "Disneyland," he said, "Simon's folly." I countered that children would be happier in Disneyland than in Levittown. He remained unimpressed. "You can't build more then one such place around here. Simon has captured the entire screwball market," and there can be no demand for another such town since most people want the familiar split levels, ranches, colonials. People who want Europe can take a trip. I wondered whether it had ever occurred to him that people "want" the usual suburb because they have been shown little else. Thus the pioneer deed of Reston may be to expose visitors to a mode of living where buildings are closely clustered to leave generous expanses for recreation, instead of the monotonous spread of identical lots.

Apparently many people think of the New Towns as a newfangled and imported fad like miniskirts and Beatles. Yet the idea has a venerable lineage: New Town policies were practiced in imperial Rome and imperial China, in medieval Europe, as well as in the Americas, until the frontier was settled. In fact, interest in New Towns shows a cyclic pattern and we seem to be approaching the zenith once more, after a slow rise since Ebenezer Howard's "Garden City" proposals of 1902. Although the United States leads in the world phenomenon of suburbanization it lags in the development of wholly planned New Towns, being outdistanced not only by Great Britain, Sweden and France but also by the Eastern bloc countries. The USSR alone has built more than 800 New Towns, four of which have already grown to populations beyond half a million. Unlike their European counterparts the American New Towns are built by private enterprise. There are in the country at present fifty to seventy-five totally planned communities in some stage of design or construction, but few of them would qualify as New Towns as the term is currently understood. Ideally, New Towns are balanced communities that provide jobs for the job holders who will live in them, although some commuting in and out of town is acceptable. Among U.S. developers 6,000 acres seem to mark the limit between a large subdivision and a New Town, and this corresponds to a population of between 60,000 and 100,000 people. The optimal size of such communities is constantly re-evaluated, generally upward. In 1902 Howard considered 32,000 inhabitants the ceiling, but today this is thought far too small a group to support basic facilities like a college or hospital. No less then 100,000 people may be needed to sustain a culturally self-contained New Town, although some planners still favor smaller communities. Constantinos Doxiades, the most influential Greek urbanist since Hippodamus of Miletus, prefers 50,000 people and argues for a complex of only 1,000 acres, the center of which can be reached on foot from any point within ten minutes—as in most historic towns. By comparison, the largest American New Town, Irvine Ranch in California, will spread over 93,000 acres.

In the United States the most rewarding area for the study of New Towns is the Washington-Baltimore conurbation, where at least four can be found in advanced stages of planning or development. The area is one of the fastest growing in the nation, but credit must also be given to Washington's "Year 2000" plan, which proposed an orderly pattern for the growth of the capital along radial corridors separated by green "wedges" and actually pinpointed the desirable locations for New Towns. Among these, Reston enjoys the publicity advantages of a head start, but already its architects, Whittlesey, Conklin and Rossant, are working on plans for a second venture near Germantown. On the same "corridor" as Germantown, the Baltimore firm of Rogers, Taliaferro, Kostritski & Lamb is building Montgomery Village, named thus modestly because it will accommodate only some 35,000 people. The most interesting social experiments are being pursued in the creation of the New Town of Columbia, halfway between Washington and Baltimore, and planned by the Community Research, Inc., of William Rouse.

In my next article I shall use Columbia as a basis for examining some problems in the social planning of New Towns. The example of Reston lends itself better to a





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discussion of land planning and design approaches. With respect to the "Year 2000" plan, Reston is slightly off one of the corridors proposed for intense development and is located in a green-wedge area. Here R. E. Simon assembled 7,180 acres of beautiful wooded land for $1,900 an acre (considered rather high by other developers). Of this land, 1,600 acres have been set aside for parks and recreational use; the remaining area will accommodate 75,000 people at the relatively low density of fourteen per acre. The novel concept of Reston is to provide recreation within the town area. The home owner or apartment dweller will, so to speak, live in his own country club. This eliminates 20 per cent of vehicle trips, and the provision of employment within the town area will reduce essential movement still further. Each of Reston's seven villages will have a distinct character, developed from a hobby or a topographical feature. The first village has its lake; new centers are planned around a golf course, a riding stable, a natural amphitheatre, a hill and a valley. Such organization will give identity to each village but the juxtaposition of villages needs an additional unifying concept. Therefore, high-density housing will not be concentrated in one area, but will form "sinews," continuous linear patterns connecting the nodal villages. These sinews will provide an overall structure for the town, and offer visual guidance. One major discontinuity will remain, since the Dulles Airport access highway cuts Reston in half; it will be difficult to tie the segments together.

A variation of the "sinew" concept is proposed by the same architects for Germantown, where high-density housing will form a ring around central open spaces that contain a community campus and research complex for education and employment. According to Conklin, Reston will provide housing for all income levels, but thus far the population is fairly homogeneous, since houses are priced between $22,700 and $47,500. This deprives the town of some of the dynamism provided by the tension and contrast of a greater income spread. Simon now awaits FHA approval to lower mortgage rates and broaden his market. Meanwhile, tourist traffic contributes to the liveliness of the center and helps to support the shops and such extras as the art gallery.

Reston's land planning offers so many excellent ideas that one wishes the developer and town full success, and is reluctant to criticize any part of it. Yet I find some aspects of the design disappointing. The architecture has been praised as boldly adventurous; to my regret, I find it timid, quaint and eclectic. Lake Anne Center is certainly an enjoyable space, but from its scale and crowding of detail it appears miniaturized. My builder acquaintance was unfair when he called it "Disneyland," but even to me its scale recalls the Belgian Village of Robert Moses' World Fair. This toy quality is what makes it irresistible to children. The buildings around the center, by Whittlesey & Conklin, are the best in Reston. They are coherent both in design and in the use of material, a specially baked buff brick. A critic praised this group as having captured a "truly Georgian" spirit. That is perhaps an achievement, but nothing that is "truly" Georgian can also be "truly" contemporary. Lake Anne Center is a reformulation in modern guise of favorite patterns of the past, an eclecticism that is even more evident in the various housing clusters built by other architects. Chloethiel Smith's colorful town houses along the lake are pure "Portofino." Lou Sauer's cluster at the golf course is faintly Scandinavian. The more austere group by Charles Goodman is a sort of neo-Corbusian. And there is no aesthetic control over individually designed homes. No one should object to visual variety, but at Reston there is no affinity between the various clusters; it lacks the kinship that in historical towns ties together buildings of different vintage.

Far from being adventurous, the grouping of houses is timid. The cluster principle is old hat and there is here nothing to compare with the convincing novelty of the best recent foreign housing schemes—the Swiss terrace housing with cooperative units overlapping one another, the tightly packed patio houses of Halen, or the — admittedly expensive — experimental houses being built for the "Expo" in Montreal. On the defensive, Conklin said that "the range of freedom of planners and designers, although real, is more limited by the nature of society than is usually admitted." Does this mean that our society yearns for eclectic urban design? Does it mean that Reston offers the most adventurous housing that the American market will tolerate? I hope that the subdivision entrepreneurs can be proved wrong and that in subsequent New Towns the range of architectural freedom will extend to housing that projects the future to complement housing that conjures up the past.

## SALT

*"If the salt hath lost its savour*
*wherewith shall it be salted?"*
—Matt. v. 15

*The ocean is salt and the waters*
*of the womb. Sweat is salt, and tears. Pure*
*salt was poured in sacrificial slaughters*

*by high priests of Israel. Salt was the cure*
*for and against corruption of spirit and flesh,*
*salt sprinkled at baptism and burial to make sure*

*that Satan would be reticent. Scots kept their mash*
*from the taint of witches by seasoning the malt.*
*In Athens, Attic salt gave sage discourse its dash.*

*My love: Ours was* not *"a covenant of salt,"*
*therefore I rub salt in our common wound*
*to scourge us for our kindred sins and kindred fault.*
*You rowed me up Salt River: but I'm on dry ground.*

ISABELLA GARDNER


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# Crossword Puzzle No. 1179

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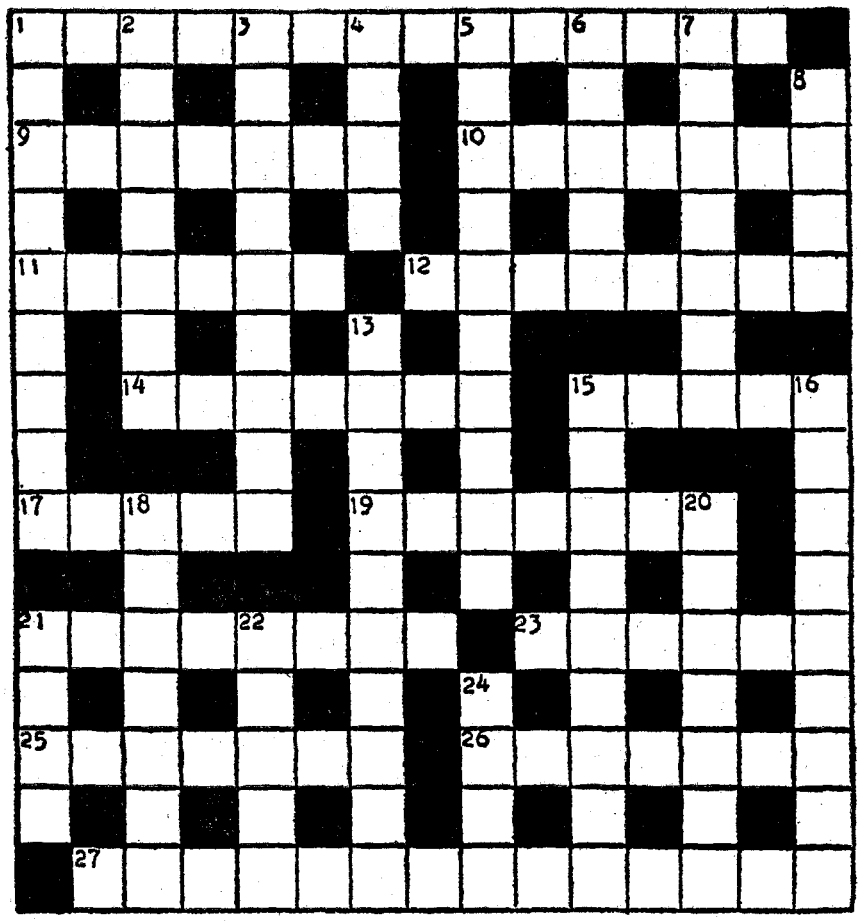

ACROSS:

1 Its members might be qualified in case the implication is to forbid contact. (3, 11)
9 and 24 It's unusual for them to be held up in traffic, but they might be difficult to get in to. (7, 4)
10 Operated in the gear shift according to plan. (7)
11 Relatively unblooded? (2-4)
12 Helps do a flower arrangement? (8)
14 Does it depend on Sandy's belt, at times? (7)
15 How Blake came down the valley? (Some notables are on board.) (5)
17 Brinks makes gradual progress. (5)
19 Isolated poetically from a linseed distillation. (7)
21 Worried weather-watchers might, but it could prove a spectacle. (8)
23 Not common in a first-class car, certainly! (6)
25 Well-browned sailor on a blast? (7)
27 Some women pick up their good habits from them. (5-9)

DOWN:

1 Scram before the change is due? (One might find it a blessing.) (9)
2 and 21 down Gangfights with refreshments? One might not have been expected to really stand out in them! (6, 5)
3 Grain superintendent, or his subordinate? (5, 4)
4 and 26 It's the little things that show both chances for success and ultimate goals! (4, 3, 4)
5 A bit insane — confused, at least — obviously not all there! (2, 8)
6 Likely to be an out-of-date brand. (5)
7 Dew, upon settling, it might be admitted. (5, 2)
8 Not phoney money to some old-timers. (4)
13 Pulls up after getting the sign to go, as golfers might be headed? (10)
15 The animal with fuzz? You might know one as a shepherd. (6, 3)
16 Gives out and passes around Sir Patrick of ballad fame. (9)
18 Millet associated, or might one pick up a little wheat stock? (7)
20 Political leader just about tried to be elected, but got a jail term! (7)
22 Gets ready before the fire, and puts a lot of things on. (5)
24 See 9 across

**SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1178**

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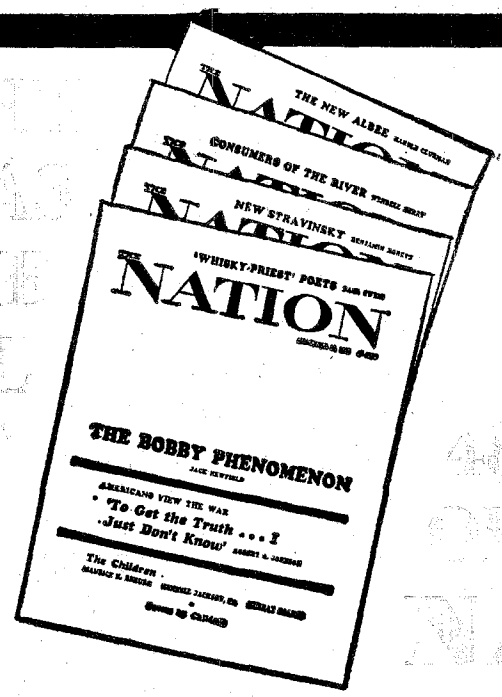


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